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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1847. JOHN H. MORISON, EDITOR.

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JAMES HAMILTON.

A few weeks ago, a friend favored us with a few passages from a little book called "The Mount of Olives," by James Hamilton. Since then another friend has very kindly sent us another little volume by the same author, called "Life in Earnest," which we have read with uncommon interest and satisfaction. The author is evidently a Trinitarian, but his Orthodoxy is of that heathy sort, which is always refreshing to us. He believes less with the intellect than with the heart, and his faith, instead of withdrawing him from the world, gives new freshness and vitality to all its incidents and duties. His book is, what what it purports to be, Life in Earnest.

"See," he says in his introduction to his readers, or rather to his hearers, for to them he dedicates his book, "see that you make progress; see that when the year is closing, you have not all the evil tempers and infirmities of character which presently afflict you; but see to it that if God grant you to sit down on the Ebenezer of another closing year, you may be able to look back on radiant spots where you enjoyed seasons of spiritual refreshing and victories over enemies heretofore too strong for you. Happy new year! if its path were so bright and its progress so vivid, that in a future retrospect your eye could fix on many a Bethel and Peniel along its track, and your grateful memory could say, 'Yonder is the grave where I buried a long-besetting sin, and that stone of memorial marks where God made me to triumph over a fierce temptation through Jesus Christ. Yon sabbath was the top of the hill where I clasped the cross, and the burden fell off my back; and that communion was the land of Beulah, where I saw the far-off land, and the king in his beauty.'"

In the first lecture, the writer shows that all have a work to do, but that this design of life is defeated, "by those who have no business at all, and those whose business is only an active idleness, and, finally, by those, who, having a lawful business, do it reluctantly or drowsily, or leave it altogether undone." We make a few extracts.

"But this precept is also violated by those who are dilligent in trifles—whose activity is a busy idleness. You may be very earnest in a pursuit which is utterly beneath your prerogative as an intelligent creature, and your high destination as an immortal being. Pursuits which are perfectly proper in creatures destitute of reason, may be very culpable in those who not only have reason, but are capable of enjoyments above the range of reason itself. We this instant imagined a man retaining all his consciousness transformed into a zoophite. Let us imagine another similar transformation: fancy that instead of a polypus you were changed into a swallow. There you have a creature abundantly busy, up in the early morning, forever on the wing, as graceful and sprightly in his flight as tasteful in the haunts which he selects. Look at him, zigzagging over over the clover-field, skimming the limpid lake, whisking round the steeple, or dancing gayly in the sky. Behold him in high spirits, shrieking out his ecstasy as he has bolted a dragon-fly, or darted through the arrow-slits of the old turret, or performed some other feat of hirundine agility. And notice how he pays his morning visits—alighting elegantly on some housetop, and twittering politely by turns to the swallow on either side of him, and after five minutes' conversation, off and away to call for his friend at the castle. And now he is gone upon his travels—gone to spend the winter at Rome or Naples, to visit Egypt or the Holy Land, or perform some more *recherche* pilgrimage to Spain or the coast of Barbary. And when he comes home next April, sure enough he has been abroad: charming climate—highly delighted with the cicadas in Italy, and the bees on Hymettus—locusts in Africa rather scarce this season; but, upon the whole, much pleased with his trip, and returned in high health and spirits. Now dear friends, this is a very proper life for a swallow, but is it a life for you? To flit about from house to house; to pay futile visits, where, if the talk were written down, it would amount to little more than the chattering of a swallow; to bestow all your thoughts on graceful attitudes, and nimble movements, and polished attire; to roam from land to land, with so little information in your head, or so little taste for the sublime or beautiful in your soul, that could a swallow publish his travels, and did you publish yours, we should probably find the one a counterpart of the other: the winged traveller enlarging on the discomforts of his nest, and the wingless one on the miseries of his hotel or his chateau; you describing the places of amusement, or enlarging on the vastness of the country, and the abundance of the game, and your rival eloquent on the self-same things. Oh! it is a thought—not ridiculous, but appalling. If the earthly history of some of our brethren were written down; if a faithful record were kept of the way they spend their time; if all the hours of idle vacancy or idler occupancy were put together, and the very small amount of useful diligence deducted, the life of a bird or quadruped would be a nobler one—more worthy of its powers and more equal to its Creator's end in forming it. Such a register is kept. Though the trifler does not chronicle his own vain words and wasted hours, they chronicle themselves. They find their indellible place in that book of remembrance with which human hand cannot tamper, and from which no erasure save one can blot them. They are noted in the memory of God. And when once this life of wondrous opportunities and awful advantages is over—when the twenty or fifty years of probation are fled away—when mortal existence, with its facilities for personal improvement and serviceableness to others, is gone beyond recall—when the trifler looks back to the long pilgrimage, with all the doors of hope and doors of usefulness, past which he skipped in his frisky forgetfulness—what anguish will it move to think that he has gambolled through such a world without salvation to himself, without any real benefit to his brethren, a busy trifler, a vivacious idler, a clever fool!"

* * * * * *

"Have a business in which diligence is lawful and desirable. There are some pursuits which do not deserve to be called a business. Æropus was the king of Macedonia, and it was his favorite pursuit to make lanterns. Probably he was very good at making them, but his proper business was to be a king; and therefore the more lanterns he made, the worse king he was. And if your work be a high calling, you must not dissipate your energies on trifles—on things which, lawful in themselves, are still as irrelevant to you as lamp-making is irrelevant to a king. Perhaps some here are without any specific calling. They have neither a farm nor a merchandise to look after; they have no household to care for, no children to train and educate, no official duties to engross their time; they have an independent fortune, and live at large. My friends I congratulate you on your wealth, your liberal education, your position in society, and your abundant leisure. It is in your power to be the benefactors of your generation; you are in circumstances to do an eminent service for God and finish some great work before your going hence. What that work shall be, I do not attempt to indicate; I rather leave it for your own investigation and discovery. Every one has his own line of things. Howard chose one path, and Wilberforce another; Harlan Page chose one, and Brainerd Tailor another. Mrs. Fletcher did one work, Lady Glenorchy another, and Mary Jane Graham a third. Every one did the work for which God had best fitted them, but each made that work their *business*. They gave themselves to it; they not only did it, by-the by, but they selected it and set themselves in earnest to it, not parenthically, but on very purpose—the problem of their lives—for Christ's sake and in Christ's service, and held themselves as bound to do as it if they had been by himself expressly engaged for it. And, brethren, you must do the same. Those of you who do not need to toil for your daily bread, your very leisure is a hint what the Lord would have you to do. As you have no business of your own, he would have you devote yourselves to *his* business; he would have you carry on, in some of its manifold departments, that work which he came to earth to do. He would have you go about his Father's business as he was wont to be about it. And if you still persist in living to yourselves, you cannot be happy. You cannot spend all your days in making pin-cushions, or reading newspapers, or loitering in club-rooms and coffee-houses, and yet be happy. If you profess to follow Christ, this is not a Christian life. It is not a conscientious, and so it cannot be a comfortable life. And if the pin-cushion or the newspaper fail to make you happy, remember the reason—very good as relaxations, ever so great an amount of these things can never be a *business*, and 'wist ye not that you should be about your Father's business?'

Having made a wise and deliberate selection of a business, go on with it—go through with it. Persevering mediocrity is much more respectable and unspeakably more useful, than talented inconstancy. In the heathery turf you will often find a plant chiefly remarkable for its peculiar roots: from the main stem down to the minutest fibre, you will find them all abruptly terminate as if shorn or bitten off; and the silly superstition of the country people alleges that once on a time it was a plant of singular potency for healing all sorts of maladies, and therefore the great enemy of man in his malignity bit off the roots in which its virtues resided. This plant, with this quaint history, is a very good emblem of many well-meaning but little-effecting people. They might be defined as *radicibus præmorsis*, or rather *inceptis succisis*. The efficacy of every good work lies in its completion: and all their good works terminate abruptly, and are left off unfinished. The devil frustrates their efficacy by cutting off their ends; their unprofitable history is made up of plans and projects, schemes of usefulness that were never gone about, and magnificent undertakings, that were never carried forward; societies that were set agoing, then left to shift for themselves, and forlorn beings who for a time were taken up and instructed, and just when they were beginning to show symptoms of improvement, were cast on the world again. But others there are, who, before beginning to build, count the cost, and having collected their materials, and laid their foundations deep and broad, go on to rear their structure, indifferent to more tempting schemes and sublime enterprises subsequently suggested. The man who provides a home for a poor neighbor, is a greater benefactor of the poor than he who lays the foundation of a stately alms-house and never finishes a single apartment. The persevering teacher who guides one child into the saving knowledge of Christ and leads him on to established habits of piety, is a more useful man than his friend who gathers in a room-full of ragged children, and after a few weeks of waning zeal, turns them all adrift on the streets again. The patriot who set his heart on abolishing the slave-trade, and after twenty years of rebuffs and revilings, of tantalized hope and disappointed effort, at last succeeded—achieved a greater work than if he had set afloat all possible schemes of philanthropy, and then left them, one after the other, to sink or swim. So short is life, that we can afford to loose none of it in abortive undertakings; and once we are assured that a given work is one which it is worth our while to do, it is true wisdom to set about it instantly, and once we have begun it, it is true economy to finish it."

"I ASKED THE EARTH OF GOD."

Said Augustine, in his confession, "I asked the earth of God, and it answered, 'I am not he.' I asked the sea, and the deeps, and the living, and the creeping things, and they replied, 'We are not God,' I asked the moving air, but the whole air with its inhabitants answered, 'Anaximenes was deceived, we are not God.' I asked the heavens, the sun, moon, and stars, and they gave the same answer; but they added, in the silent voice of their moving and beautiful forms, 'God made us!

"Oh, Beauty of ancient days, Ancient, but ever new! too late I sought thee, too late I found thee!"—I sought thee at a distance, and did not know that thou wast near; I sought the abroad in thy works, and behold thou wast within me"

Of all things here below, wealth is that on which poor deluded man is chiefly tempted, even to the end of life, to place his confidence; and when riches increase, it proves a hard task for the human heart to keep its affections sufficiently detached from them. But he who by injustice acquireth the earthly mammon, justly forfeiteth the treasures of heaven; and he who is made vain and covetous by money, however honestly gotten, renders that a curse to one which was designed as a blessing to many, and drowns himself in the spring which should have watered all around him. [Bishop Horne.

THE SHORT CANDLE.

As I sat in my chamber, I saw a little girl working by the light of a candle. It was burnt down almost to the socket. I perceived that she plied her needle very fast, and at length I overheard her saying to herself, "I must be very industrious; for this is the only candle I have, and it is almost gone."

What a moral there is, thought I, in the words of this child! Surely I may learn wisdom from it. Life is but a short candle. It is almost gone, and I have no other. How earnestly engaged should I then be in every duty of life. While I have the light of life, how careful should I be to perform every thing enjoined by my heavenly Master. [Child's Friend.

THE TEMPTER.

As in the robbing of a house, it is the custom of the sturdiest thieves to put in a little boy at a window, who being once within the house, may easily open the doors and let them in too; so the tempter, in rifling of the soul, despairs for the most part to attempt his entrance by some gross sin of a dismal frightful hue and appearance, and therefore he employs a lesser, that may creep and slide into it insensibly; which yet, as little as it is, will so open and unlock the bars of conscience, that the biggest and the most enormous abominations shall at length make their entrance, and seize and take possession of it.

From the Address of President Wayland, delivered at the Dedication of the new School House, in district No. 1, North Providence, October 31, 1846, we extract a few passages.

COMMON SCHOOLS.

"It gives me great pleasure, Ladies and Gentlemen of Pawtucket, to be a witness to the enlightened zeal which you have manifested on this subject. From this village, first went forth the impulse which called into existence the most important manufacturing interest in this country. It is meet that as you have taught us how to supply our external, you should teach us also how to supply our internal wants. You have taught us how we may clothe our bodies, it is well that you should teach us how to cultivate, and strengthen, and ennoble our minds. You have intended to render this school house a model for your fellow-citizens throughout the State. It is a noble and patriotic emulation, and we thank you for it. We hope that every village and district in the State will imitate your example.

I am delighted to observe that, in all your arrangements, you have in this matter acted with wise and thoughtful liberality. Instead of putting your school house out of sight, in an inconvenient and unhealthy position, you have placed it on an eminence, in a desirable locality, and have determined to surround it with ample play grounds. The building itself is exceedingly pleasing in its external proportions, and forms one of the most agreeable ornaments of your village. You thus associate education in the mind of the young with every thing gladsome and alluring; while, at the same time, you testify to your children, the importance which you attach to their intellectual cultivation.

The apartments of your house are large and convenient. The desks are constructed upon the most improved models, and the seats seem to me durable and neat, and, at the same time, comfortable to the pupils. Every thing in the school rooms has the air of finish and completeness. The arrangements for illustration, by the black boards, &c, and I presume that those by every other means will be, ample. With such instructors as you have appointed, seconded by your own zealous and untiring efforts, I have no doubt that this school will be all that you desire to make it, one of the first model schools of New England.

But I perceive that your forethought has gone farther. You have determined that other habits besides those of the intellect, shall here receive their appropriate share of attention. You have provided for each scholar an exclusive place for his owa hat and outer clothing. You have furnished your apartments with convenient wash rooms, an improvement which I do not remember to have seen in any other school house.—Thus you have made it necessary for each scholar to cultivate habits of order and cleanliness.—In all these respects, I do not see how your arrangements could be better made, or how any thing else could reasonably be desired.

How delightful an object of contemplation is such a school as this; when faithfully and zealously conducted. Here the slumbering germs of intellect will be quickened into life. Here talent, that would otherwise become torpid from inaction, will be placed upon the course of indefinite improvement. Here, the rough and uncultivated, arrested by the charms of knowledge, and allured by the accents of kindness, will lay aside their harshness, and assume the manners of refinement and good breeding. From hence the lessons of knowledge and the habits of order will be carried to many a family, and they will there awaken a whole circle to a higher and purer life. In a word, take the five hundred children, whom this building will accommodate, and suppose them destitute of the knowledge, the discipline and the manners, which this school will confer; trace their course through life in all its vicissitudes, and observe the station which each of them must occupy; and then, suppose these five hundred children imbued with the knowledge which you here are prepared to give, and the habits which you intend to cultivate, and follow them through life, and observe the stations which you have qualified them to occupy; and you have the measure of good which, year after year, you are accomplishing by the establishment of these means of instruction.—Look at the money that it costs. You can calculate it to a single cent, both the principal investment and the interest which it would yield. But can you estimate the intellectual service, and moral advantages which will accrue to you and your children, by this expenditure!—The one is to you as the small dust of the balance. Were it all lost, you would hardly think of it. You would not think it worth while to smile at a man, who should say, Pawtucket is ruined, for it has lost a sum equal to that which all its means of education have cost. But suppose that, what that sum has purchased were lost; suppose that your schools were shut up, and your whole population consigned to ignorance; that henceforth reading, writing, and all the knowledge which they unfold, should be taught or learned here no more for ever; then would Pawtucket in reality be ruined. Every virtuous and intelligent family would flee from your border, and very soon your name would be an approbrium to New England. I ask, then, in view of all this, is there any money which you invest, that brings you in so rich a revenue, as that which you devote to the cause of education!" [Pres. Wayland.

We copy also a part of Mr. Osgood's remarks on the same occasion.

"Let us feel, that in consecrating this house to the purposes of education, we consecrate it to the spirit of *order*. Without good order, education cannot succeed, and surely all will allow that good order cannot exist without the aid alike of master and scholar, parent and guardian. Let the teacher have your hearty cooperation in his endeavors to regulate his school.—Let him not be left at the mercy of the unreasonable, who will call every act of discipline, tyranny, or of the quarrelsome, who will resent every restraint as a personality. Encourage in yourselves and your children the idea, that good order has its foundation in the very nature of things, in the plan of the creation, and the hearts of man. There is order in God's works—in the heavens above—on the earth beneath. We imitate the divine mind when we strive to do our work in accordance with the best rules, and submit passing impulses and little details to a common standard of right. Let the child be taught to accept this idea, and to see in the order of the school not so much of the teacher's will as the law of general good. Let this idea prevail, and a new day will come over our schools. Teachers will be more careful to place their passions under due control, by looking beyond present provocations to permanent principles, and parents and children will acknowledge the justice of proper discipline, even when its penalties fall upon themselves. Consecrating this house to education, we consecrate it then to the spirit of good order.

Akin to order is the spirit of *good will*—that love that heightehs every task and cheers every labor. Let us feel that this building is set apart as the abode of good will. In the simple beauty of its walls, and the neatness of its arrangements, we see at once that it is intended to be a pleasant place, where the young shall come rather in love than fear. Let every thing be done to carry out this idea, and remove all gloom from the work that here is to go forward. Let the voice of music be heard in the intervals of study, and charm away weariness and discontent. Let courteous manners prevail between scholars and teachers. Let the law of love be supreme, and the good of each be regarded as the good of all. Let every thing be done to make knowledge attractive without impairing its solidity.—You have declared your principles upon this subject in the very structure of this edifice—virtually acknowledged the relation of the beautiful to the true, and applied to education that law of attraction that pervades all the plans of divine Providence. Carry out these principles without fear and without extravagance. Let not your care be given merely to make your dwelling houses attractive. Let there be no more school rooms so rude and uncleanly as hardly to be fit to shelter well bred cattle. Let children learn neatness, taste and refinement, along with their alphabet and multiplication table. To good will, under every one of its attractive agencies, this house should be devoted.

Thus devoted, it will be a nursery of good works; *utility* will go hand in hand with *good order* and *good will*.

In this community, practical industry is the ruling power. Utility is the prevailing standard. See to it that this standard is rightly adjusted, and that we do not confine our idea of usefulness to worldly or material interests. As we hear the sound of the spindle and the anvil, and see the spray of the waterfall and the smoke of the furnace, let us rejoice at the large measure of enterprise and prosperity that have been granted us. But when we turn away from these things to look upon this house of learning, let us not think as some base souls do, that we have left utility behind and are dealing only with what is visionary and unsubstantial. Next to the Church of God, let us feel that the school house is the most useful building in the community, and that from it should emanate the knowledge, principles and habits, that are to give life its direction and efficiency. Reckon in your estimate of the best wealth of your city your schools, and without them, regard all other wealth as disgraceful covetousness or mental poverty.

Let the idea of utility preside over the direction of this school, and all its studies tend not to fill the memory with loads of words, but to strengthen the mind, and invigorate and regulate the will and all the active powers.

Standing as it does in so sacred a seat of manufacturing industry, this house has a peculiar significance. Overlooking this prosperous town, it serves to express a generous creed—to say as if it were:—"We, the people of North Providence, think much of the importance of industry and wealth, but we think that some other things are of still greater importance, and however remiss in duty we may have been in time past, we mean to practice upon a more generous system, and this fair temple of learning, standing so far above the factory and workshop, is a substantial testimonial of our determination."

It is an interesting fact, that the first movement in this State in behalf of popular education was made, not by professional men, nor by merchants, nor any of the classes that might be thought, from their leisure or literature, to advocate the claims of sound learning, but by an association of mechanics and manufacturers in Providence. I read to day, with great pleasure, the memorial which this association presented to the Legislature, in the year 1798. I honor those men for that document. But one of the original signers now survives. Who can meet that old man without respect. Who will not honor John Howland even more for taking the lead in that memorial, than for having served under Washington at Trenton, and braved death in the battles of the Revolution. Peace to his sturdy heart, and many good days yet to that stout Saxon frame!

I must cease speaking with these few words as to the good order, good will and good works, to which this house of learning is devoted. May a good Providence watch over it. Imagination cannot but conjecture the various scenes of its future history—picture to herself the groups of children who shall come to enjoy its privileges, and who in due time shall leave its walls for the pursuits of maturer life. Prophesy is not our gift, except the prophesy that calculates events by purposes and principles. Let this edifice be used faithfully for true purposes and for just principles, and its future history will be a blessed volume in the annal of your town. It will tell of generations of noble men and women, who have been educated within these walls. And when this house shall have gone to dust, it will have performed a noble mission, by being the nursery of mental life that cannot die."

"Cold in the dust, the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once, can never die."

A SERMON preached in the Church of the First Parish in Dedham, January 10, 1847, the Sunday after the death of Ebenezer Fisher, Jr. By Alvan Lamson, D. D., Minister of the First Parish.

This, like everything that comes from Dr. Lamson, is perfectly finished and beautifully written. It is from the text, The memory of the just is blessed. * * "The memory of the just—how does it rise up before us, holy and beautiful, a thing embalmed and never to perish." * * The thoughts thus suggested, are in a few paragraphs of warm, but discriminating eulogy, applied to Mr. Fisher, a member of Dr. Lamson's Society, who died, on Monday, Jan. 4, 1847, aged 58. * * "He had a deep and abiding sense of right, and a single-hearted love of it. He reverenced it from his inmost soul." * * "He had none of those vices which sometimes tempt men who pass for persons of integrity in the ordinary sense of the word, to be unfaithful to their charge." * * "He had convictions of his own. * And whatever were his convictions, he was always true to them. * * He was always courteous in asserting his views and decisions, but always firm. * * Hence he was one of the most consistent of characters. * * He made few professions. * * His heart spoke in his acts. His charities were never ostentatious; they were often carefully concealed, and many a heart has been made glad by him, and smiles have been lighted up in many a dwelling of poverty when the hand of the benefactor remained unknown. His bounty flowed in many secret ribs, silently refreshing and cheering the waste places of life, and filling with joy the heart of the solitary and drying the tear of misery. I think that if he could have chosen the appellation by which he should be known and remembered, it would have been that of the "Friend of the Poor"—a humble but truly Christian one. Such he was always in feeling and so far as his means allowed, in act."

"In turning to his religious character we find it marked by those traits we should anticipate in one who was in other respects such as I have described him. We find him the same wholesouled man as elsewhere. There was a heartiness in his religion as in all his acts. It was nothing put on, nothing assumed for the occasion, nothing fitful or impulsive, now shining with a dazzling lustre and now sinking in darkness. It did not manifest itself in tumuks of the feelings, in visions and ecstacies, in periodical fervors, on the one hand, nor was it satisfied, on the other, with the mere dead letter, with a routine of ritual observances. It was a living, practical reality, deeply seated in the inmost convictions of his soul, and supplying principles of action, invigorating the moral sentiments, nurturing a scruplous conscience, and imparting strength, comfort, and filial resignation to the divine will in all changes and trials. He earnestly labored to live out the principles of the Gospel and do the will of the Father. He believed that the great truths of religion should be brought to bear on the daily temper and life; and with this conviction his character and conduct corresponded. He was a consistent, practical Christian. He made profession of Christ, and he shrunk from none of the responsibilities of such profession.

Always in his place in the house of prayer as long as health permitted, and an attentive hearer of the word, and esteeming it a calamity when he was debarred from obeying the summons of the church-going bell,—for some time teacher in the Sunday school,—taking a deep interest in the welfare of the young, and ever ready in every good work and enterprise,—he will be much missed in this religious society, as his services will be missed by the community. All feel that a good man, a firm friend of religion and its institutions,—himself a religious man, so far as the human eye can judge, a faithful disciple of Jesus,—has gone. A devout worshipper, a sincere lover of this place, a lover of all that was pure and good, a warm-hearted friend, I repeat, a whole-souled man, has gone, never more to join us in worship here.

His religion, I said, was practical. It proved such in his time of need. His faith afforded him an adequate support in the trying hours of a long protracted and wearisome illness. His trust in the mercy of God remained unshaken. He had much to attach him to life. To few would life have seemed to be more desirable. But he murmured not at the decree which summoned him away. He cheerfully acquiesced in the will of Providence. He was calm, he was entirely resigned. In the full possession of his reason, his mental vision unclouded, he watched the silent progress of the disease which he knew was to prove fatal, with a tranquil spirit, and set his house in order to go. He talked familiarly of death; he looked it in the face without dismay. I never heard him express any fear of dying; and I believe that he had none. He retained his calmness and the full possession of his reason to the last. His faith and trust forsook him not, and he went in peace and hope.

Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent."

I do not attach the utmost importance to a death bed experience, for I believe that the best and only sure preparation for death is a good life. But here the death corresponded with the life. There was consistency, there was harmony; a peaceful Christian death terminating a well-spent and Christian life. God led him gently down the sloping passage to the tomb, then took his spirit to himself. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright for the end of that man is peace." "And I heard a voice from heaven saying, write, Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord, yea saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Their memory, their example survives, and by them *he* being dead, yet speaketh. God help us, young and old, to listen, and so to listen that we may profit. I wish that we may all be as well prepared to go, when our hour comes, as I believe that he was. I wish that we may have no greater burden of sin on our souls. I wish that we may have the same cheerful resignation to the divine will, and that we may go with the same peace and trust, and have no more reason to dread the meeting of the soul with its God."

EXTRAVAGANT LANGUAGE.

Nearly akin to these offences against good grammar is another untasteful practice, into which you are probably more in danger of falling, and which is a crying sin among young ladies,—I mean the use of exaggerated, extravagant forms of speech,—saying *splendid* for *pretty*, *magnificent* for *handsome*, *horrid* for *very*, *horrible* for *unpleasant*, *immense* for *large*, *thousands*, or *myriads* for any number more than *two*. Were I to write down, for one day, the conversation of some young ladies of my acquaintance, and then to interpret it literally, it would imply that, within the compass of twelve or fourteen hours, they had met with more marvellous adventures and hair-breadth escapes, had passed through more distressing experiences, had seen more imposing spectacles, had endured more fright, and enjoyed more rapture, than would suffice for half a dozen common lives. This habit is attended with many inconveniences. It deprives you of the intelligible use of strong expressions, when you need them. If you use them all the time, nobody understands or believes you when you use them in earnest. You are in the same predicament with the boy who cried WOLF so often when there was no wolf, that nobody would go to his relief when the wolf came. This habit has also a very bad moral bearing. Our words have a reflex influence upon our characters. Exaggerated speech makes one careless of the truth. The habit of using words without regard to their rightful meaning, often leads one to distort facts, to misreport conversations, and to magnify statements, in matters in which the literal truth is important to be told. You can never trust the testimony of one who in common conversation is indifferent to the import, and regardless of the power, of words. I am acquainted with persons, whose representations of facts always need translation and correction, and who have utterly lost their reputation for veracity, solely through this habit of overstrained and extravagant speech. They do not mean to lie; but they have a dialect of their own, in which words bear an entirely different sense from that given them in the daily intercourse of discreet and sober people.

[A. P. Peabody.

REVOLUTION IN GENEVA.

We give below a letter from the historian, D'Aubigne, which we find in the Presbyterian. His remarks are to be taken with some grains of allowance.

Dear Sir and Brother,—You have heard of the revolution which in the beginning of October deluged our streets with blood, and transferred the government of our State from the Conservatives to the Radicals. In fact, in a political point of view, this will be rather a change of *persons* than of *institutions*; for our constitution, which rested on universal suffrage, was already very democratic. But it will not be the same in relation to ecclesiastical affairs. In them there will be a real revolution—not, unfortunately, in respect of doctrine; the National Church of Geneva has been for a century essentially Unitarian, and will undoubtedly continue so.—The change will be as to the government of the Church. We had a *clerical* government—we are now to have a *lay* government. Formerly the ministers alone had the power; now the lay members of the ecclesiastical government are to possess it. Things pass from one extreme to another; such is the way of the world.

The commission charged with drawing up the plan of a constitution has finished its work.—This plan has not yet been discussed in the Grand Council; but it is probable that it will not be subjected to any great change.

The first thing worthy of remark is the Erastian origin of this new constitution of the Church of Geneva. It is four years since our first revolution, to which the present puts the finishing hand. I then requested that the Church might be called on to form a Synod, charged to review her constitution. This was refused then, and it is refused still. It is a political body which regulates it. However, it must be acknowledged that, except this origin, this constitution is more exempt from Erastianism than was that of Calvin himself. Here are its principal features:

As to the Nature of the Church, "The National Protestant Church of Geneva," (according to the plan at the first debate,) "is composed of all the Evangelical Christians who declare that they will accept in matters of religious discipline the authority of the Consistory." You will remark that there is no question here of any doctrine, of any profession of faith; nor on these points is there any thing said in any other part of the plan. However, as the words "*Evangelical Christians*" might appear to indicate some doctrine, they were erased at the second debate, and the word "*Genevese*" substituted for them. One may, then, be an infidel, an atheist, some say even a Roman Catholic or a Jew; provided he is a Genevese, and acknowledges the Consistory, he is a member of this Church.

As to the Government, "The administration of the National Protestant Church is exclusively confided to a Consistory. The Consistory is composed of twenty-five lay members and five ecclesiastical members." This proportion is not in conformity with the usages of the Presbyterian Church; but, as I have told you, they fear the influence of the clergy, of whom they are tired, and whom they wish to deprive of all power. It was even proposed that the Consistory should be composed only of lay members.

"The lay members of the Consistory are elected by the Protestant citizens of the canton, *enjoying their political rights*." This last clause is remarkable, and is the purest Erastianism. "The ecclesiastical members of the Consistory are elected by a college composed of all the Pastors and Ministers (probationers)."

"The Consistory exercises a general superintendence over the affairs of the Church. It draws up the regulations, especially those which relate to the worship and administration of the Church, and sees that they are carried into effect. It rules in cases of discipline."

"The pastors are nominated by the Protestant *citizens* of the parish, on a presentation of a triple number made by the Consistory." In the first debate the article was conceived in the inverse meaning, that is to say, "the Consistory nominates the pastors under a presentation of a double number made by the Protestant citizens of the vacant parish."

Till now, the clergy nominated the pastors; the result has been, that orthodox ministers have been set aside. A minister of great talent and piety has been passed over *forty-four* times, and seen ministers younger and less highly gifted than himself preferred before him. They were Unitarian, and he is Evangelical. If the election had been left entirely to the flock, one might have hoped to see an Evangelical minister now and then nominated. These measures have been taken to keep out such.

"The pastors in office and the Professors of Theology form the Company of Pastors. They superintend religious instruction and the teaching of theology. They preside over the consecration of candidates for the holy ministry.—They nominate the Professors of Theology.—They may address instructions to the pastors.—They may grant to the Consistory a title to recommend measures which they judge advantageous to the interests of the Protestant Church." The legislator who wished to humble the clergy by the institution of the "Consistory," has not perceived that he has raised them again by maintaining "the Company." These two bodies—the one lay, the other clerical—which will always be in hostility, and which will be (at least during their first years,) very bitter against each other, form a singular institution, and one which appears to me to be contrary to the Presbyterian system. It has been proposed to dissolve the Company, and to form under the Grand Consistory a certain number of Presbyteries; but this idea has been rejected.

The decisions of the Protestant ecclesiastical bodies on the nomination, the supervision, or the deposition of the Pastors or Professors of Theology, as well as the decisions as to the number and supervision of the parishes, are submitted to the approbation of the Council of State. The expense of the public services of the National Protestant Church is paid by the State.

Freedom of worship (*des cultes*) is guarantied, and the State affords to all an equal protection.

Such, dear sir, is the plan of the ecclesiastical constitution of the Church of Geneva. Our revolution has made a certain sensation in the political world. It has been considered as the commencement of a triumph of Radicalism over the the whole Continent. Perhaps this view may be just; but I repeat, that the change wrought upon our ecclesiastical institutions is still more remarkable. The great evil in this constitution—and it is immense—is, that the Church of Geneva remains without doctrine and without discipline. All the citizens are members of the Church, whatever may be their morals or their infidelity; they are even its rulers.

However, the old state of things was so bad, that it could hardly be changed but for the better. Therefore, although the revolution of the 7th October is to be deplored in so many respects, it is but just to acknowledge, that it will probably improve, in some degree, the constitution of the Church, especially in the nomination of pastors. Pray for Geneva.

Receive, dear sir and brother, the expression of my Christian regards.

MERLE D'AUBIGNE.

GENEVA, 23d December, 1846.

BENEFITS OF WEALTH.

"My friend," said the rich man, "will you allow me to ask one question?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Would you be willing to take my property, and take the whole care of it, for your boarding and clothing?"

"No, indeed."

"Well, that's all I get."

Brother CHANDLER, of the U. S. Gazette, says that the rich man did not tell the poor man the truth. Boarding and clothing are not all—they are far from being all—which the rich man enjoys in consequence of his wealth. He gets that kind of deference which is everywhere paid to wealth. He has that ease of mind and body, consequent on indifference about the morrow. He feels that he has enough for himself and his children. He feels that, with wealth, he can command what is one of the highest gratifications of life: he can gather to himself the blessings of those ready to perish: he can minister to the afflicted: he can promote religion: he can endow schools: he can bless the widow by saving her from misery; and the young, by removing from them the temptations to vice—from vice that seldom relinquishes its victim.

The true answer of the poor man should have been,—You say all you get for your wealth is boarding and clothing: then do you make a miserable improvement of your riches. You *ought* to enjoy more. You ought to make your wealth contribute to your social and moral happiness. But since you are content with mere boarding and clothing, give *me* your riches, and I will not only agree to make you happy by seeing you well fed and clothed; but I will use it to make many others happy, by sharing in its benefits. A man who lives only to eat and drink, ought not to eat, drink, or live long.

[Gospel Banner.

WAITING FOR A FULL TEAM.

Mr. J., had consented to join a new church enterprise about to be commenced under prospects every thing but flattering. But Mr. J. was a working man, and a liberal one too, so he did not hesitate to take hold of the thing while it was in the dark, to help it struggle up to the light.

Mr. L. heard of Mr. J.'s determination. Now Mr. L. was a very different kind of man from Mr. J., although I don't know that it would be just right to call him a lazy man. But he never took hold of a good thing when the prospect of its success was not "very" encouraging. Now there was a deal of *hard* work to be done, so as I have said, he was quite surprised when he heard of Mr. J.'s determination, and when they met told him that *he* did not think the enterprise could succeed, and advised him, privately of course, to wait a little while, to see how the thing worked before he had any thing to do with it.

"Ah!" said Mr. J., when Mr. L. had counselled him thus, "I see what you would have me do, *wait until they get a full team, and then jump on and ride.*"

It strikes me that there is a great deal of waiting for a "*full team*" in these days; a holding back, a shrinking from duty which is arduous. Too many of us insist on riding in the car, but we can't come down to the common work of grading the road, and laying the rail.

To be ever ready and willing to engage in any work no matter how burdensome or how humble, that will further Christ's cause, implies earnestness in religion, and sometimes when I look about me, and see how few actual laborers there are in fields where for the present there are crosses but no crowns, I cannot but fear that there is a lack of earnestness on the part of too many.

Comparatively little is doing, in large cities at least, for the outcast and the vicious, with which cities abound. To labor for such is hard work I know. Very unpromising work too, yet is the blasphemer, living in his infamy at the Five Points, a more unpromising case than that man whom the world calls "respectable" but who is never seen inside of a church and around whose heart the world has put its heavy armor! The one I think is quite as accessible as the other; but an effort in behalf of the former is not a very nice and pleasant work, for rags generally have a smack of filth about them.

In the purlieus of vice and poverty in this city of ours a plenty of children are to be found; growing up, not only in physical but moral destitution. Is the church caring for them? I fear not. Few are the Sabbath Schools provided for them, and some of those which are established "drag their slow length along," are inefficient and contracted in their influence. Why? Generally because there are so few disciples of Christ who are willing to engage in such a work. I know of one church in this city, having some six or seven hundred members which took a school of this kind under its patronage, and after a little while let it die for want of sustenance. It has flourishing schools in its own basement, for it drives "*a full team*" there.

My friend do you say that this "*waiting for a full team*" is a sorry business? Very good, I thank you for the remark, now prove its sincerity by going to work, if you are not already an earnest working man or woman. B.

CHRISTIANITY ATTESTED BY MIRACLES.

We accept the evidence of the Christian miracles, then, because they harmonize throughout with what we know of the history of divine Providence as manifested in the universe. The book of nature and the book of revelations, the written word and the law stamped on the heart, are not at variance with each other, but contain essentially the same doctrine; one goes beyond, but does not contradict the other; it is the complement, but not the substitute, or its predecessor. It is a vain and foolish doctrine, then, that the miracles are useful *only* as evidences of Christianity, and may therefore safely be put aside if we have testimony enough without them. It is not so. Christianity is itself a miracle,—the greatest of all miracles,—a special revelation from heaven,—the authentic record of the latest visible appearance of God on the earth,—a direct interposition in the former order of events for the noblest of all ends. If it be not so, then is our faith vain, and these teachings also are vain. If our religion does not come from above, if it is not specially attested by the broad seal of heaven, then it is of no authority and no worth. It is no religion at all; for there is no conceivable distinction between a philosophical system of man's device, and a religion properly so called, but this, that the latter comes directly from God, while the former is the mere invention of a frail and erring being like ourselves. Nay, more; if Christianity is not miraculous and divine in its origin, it is an imposition, and its founder was a cheat; for no declaration was more decidedly made by him, no assertion is more frequently written out in the gospels, that he was the Christ, the Son of the living God, the Messiah spoken of in the Scriptures, and waited for by the people, who came to make known the will of the Father, and to save mankind from their sins. In proof of this special commission and divine authority, he pointed to the wonderful works which he did; so that they who deny those works, who say that a miraculous event is incredible, and that it is foolish to suppose that any were ever specially commissioned by the Deity for any purpose, do in fact deny the claims which he put forth, and heap the coarsest reproach upon his memory.

[N. A. Review.

NEW ENGLANDER—EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

The last number of the New Englander contains a long article, written with candor and ability, on the subject of the

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 13, 1847.

A COUNTRY MINISTER.

There is no lesson more beautifully instructive to our mind than that which is taught in the devoted, faithful life of a country minister. His sphere of action is a retired one. He hears little of the world's encouraging applause. His name is perhaps confined to a narrow space. He has, in these divided times especially, peculiar difficulties to contend with, and under the most favorable circumstances, his trials and discouragements are many. But his life is one of cheerful usefulness and the end of his days is peace. The promises of the Gospel and its delightful encouragements are his daily portion. He may at times be disheartened, and fear that his labors are in vain. But the good work, which so engages his thoughts, is going on. The smile of God is upon him. In the evening of life he may look back with a calm satisfaction on the years that are past. The faith which he has labored to establish in the hearts of others, glows warm and bright in his own breast, and when his toils here are over, he goes to meet in a purer world the glad welcome of those whom his teachings have blessed and who have gone from his prayers on earth to join in the anthems of praise in heaven. These quickening and encouraging thoughts have been brought home to us by the following sketch of a faithful minister's life, by one who had a right to prepare it. Many such there are seeking no higher or broader sphere than that which their Master has assigned them in his vineyard. And what more glorious office is there under heaven! or to whom will the words be more appropriate; "Well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

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For the Register.

REV. TIMOTHY FOSTER ROGERS.

Died in Bernardston, on the 26th ult., the Rev. Timothy Foster Rogers, Senior Pastor of the Unitarian Church in that town, aged 66.

From early childhood this good and faithful servant of Jesus Christ was loved, valued and honored by all who knew him; and, now that he has gone th his reward, his history presents to the mind a character of spotless purity and of very rare excellence. He was born in Tewksbury, Mass., on the 18th of March, 1791. His ancestors, for several generations, were among the sturdy yeomanry of that town. It was his happiness to be the son of pious parents, whose example and prayers had a powerful influence upon him, in childhood and in after life. His mother was endowed with the most excellent qualities o mind and heart. Her character and that of this son, were remarkably similar. Young Timothy was the second of six children,—of whom, two brothers and a sister are still living. He was a very lovely child—but of a frail constitution, which indisposed him to outdoor labors and sports. He was, consequently, much with his mother, and her parental solicitude for him,—her fears that he might not live, and their similarity of disposition, tended to render him very dear to her heart. In his case,—as in that o many others who have attained to superior excellence and usefulness in after life,—he owed much to the fostering care of his mother. His mind was ever full of grateful recollections o her goodness and care,—and he often spoke of his indebtedness to her, especially, in the last months of his life, when he was too feeble to retain the remembrance of much besides. Chiefly by the instrumentality of this tender and exemplary mother, the seeds of piety were early implanted in his bosom. Fostered by parental care and nourished by prayer, watered and enriched by the dews of God's grace, they put forth and grew,—expanding, ripening and flourishing as "branches of the true vine which liveth and abideth forever." His mother lived to a good old age, and regarded this son with the fondest affection to the end. And though, as he grew up, she was sorry to see him depart from the faith of his fathers,—for theirs was the most rigid form of Orthodoxy,—though she was distressed at the thought, that *that* son, in particular, who, on account of his early piety, his amiability, and his affectionate disposition towards herself and the other members of the family, was so dear to, her heart—should embrace "soul-destroying heresies,"—still from the goodliness of her nature, she had charity to believe, that it was "rather an error of the head than of the heart," and she could not but hope that one so pious and good would be saved. In the eye of faith, they are reunited in that assembly

> "Where, all their doubts and darkness o'er,
> *One* only God they now adore."

Mr. Rogers's education commenced at the common schools in his native town, and the studies preparatory for admission to College he pursued at Phillips' Academy, Andover. He was entered at the University in Cambridge, in the year 1798, and while there maintained a respectable standing as a scholar. One, who was his classmate and an intimate friend, writes; "He was in early life much in character, as you have known him at a later period. It may truly be said of him, that the boy, (for in College we were boys in age) was the father of the man. His intellect, though not of the highest order, was cultivated and disciplined by the strictest attention to his College exercises. His lessons were thoroughly studied, and correctly recited. His character was singularly pure. I believe it may be said with truth, that he passed through this critical period of his life without a stain. His manners were modest and affable." Says another classmate, and a highly esteemed brother in the ministry, "During the whole term of his College life, it was his firmly fixed purpose to make Theology his future profession. He had been bred up in the Orthodox faith, in the most rigid forms, and brought within the walls of the University, his attachment to its principles and his earnest zeal in their advocacy and defence. * * * Yet on further inquiry into, and a closer investigation of religious subjects, which his candor and love of truth ever urged him to pursue, he was led gradually to abandon the doctrines of his early adopted creed, for those of a more liberal and heart cheering faith."

After leaving the University in 1802, he continued at Cambridge for some months as a resident graduate, where he entered upon the study of Theology. A part of the time he was employed as a teacher at Woburn. He afterwards pursued his Theological studies with the Rev. Asa Packard of Marlboro',—in whose family he was engaged as a teacher,—and completed them at Springfield, under the superintendence and direction of Rev. Dr. Lothrop.

He commenced preaching in the spring of 1806,—first at Springfield, and then in the neighboring towns. For three years he preached wherever his services were desired. He supplied, occasionally, many pulpits in Boston and its vicinity. For three months, he was at Portsmouth, N. H., and three months he labored at Augusta, Me. His services were always acceptable. It is not known that he preached with a view to a settlement until he went to Bernardston. He delivered his first Sermon in that town, on the 26th of February, 1809. The Society invited him to become their Pastor on the 27th of April following, and he was ordained on the 20th of September of the same year.

His views of what became a good minister of Jesus Christ were clearly stated in his first sermon after his ordination. The following passage from it shows how well he understood what he subsequently illustrated so beautifully in his life. The whole sermon, indeed, seems prophetical of what has emphatically characterized his ministry.

"The motives to virtue and piety," says he, "which the good minister sets before others, influence his own soul and constrain him to live, not to himself, but to him, who died for him and rose again. Denying all worldly lusts, he conducts in a sober, righteous and pious manner, before his God, as well as before those, over whom the Holy Ghost hath made him an overseer. He must not be brought under the power of unhallowed passions, nor be a slave to appetite; but bring under his body and keep it in subjection." "A bishop," said the great Apostle to Titus, "must be blameless as the steward of God; not self-willed, not soon angry, not given to wine, no striker, not given to filthy lucre; but a lover of hospitality, a lover of good men, sober, just, holy, temperate."

"Let a preacher be sound in faith,—let him contend earnestly for the doctrines once delivered to the saints, (and this every good minister will do,) let him have the understanding, the penetration, the strength of St. Paul,—the address and eloquence of Apollos,—still, if he be not an *example* to the flock, he is not a blessing, but a curse, to any people.

"It is requisite that a minister be a pattern not only of sobriety, temperance, and the sterner virtues, but also of whatever things are lovely. He should be distinguished for *mildness of disposition* and *behavior*. The wisdom from above, is gentle. The fruit of the spirit is gentleness. St. Paul wrote of himself and of his brethren to the Thessalonians, 'We were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children.' and the scripture saith, 'The servant of the Lord must be *gentle*.'

"A minister has need also of patience; for he has to deal with characters of every description. Some will try him by captious questions, groundless opinions, inconclusive, shallow reasonings, and by the most pernicious and destructive sentiments. 'Some will try him by their ignorance, and some by their folly; some by their perverseness, and some by their malice.' But the good minister will strive, under whatever provocation to rule his own spirit, and possess his soul in patience. He remembers the words of Christ, "The servant is not greater than his Lord. If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household! If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours also.' The good minister considers him, who endured such great contradiction of sinners against himself; and prays the God of patience to grant him to be like minded."

The following passage shows his liberality of sentiment at that early day.

"The enlightened minister, possessing the extensive charity of the Gospel, would deny the privilege of commemorating the sufferings and death of the Savior to none, merely because they choose to subscribe to articles of faith, expressed in words, which the Holy Ghost hath dictated, and not in words which man's wisdom teacheth. By what authority do any claim the exclusive privilege of interpreting the Scripture! or who gave them the authority? For what purpose do they thus interpose?—To keep out enemies from the Church;—they confidently reply. But, may we ask, are they wiser than God?—They may indeed keep out friends, but they cannot thus exclude enemies. Those who fear not Jehovah, and regard not his son, are ready to swear falsely, and to believe any thing. Let it be for their interest, and they will not for a moment, hesitate to believe—a lie.

"If a minister make a human creed the test of discipleship, he should see that it contains nothing to offend any, who love our Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth. He is not to impose on others his own opinions, relative to matters of doubtful disputation; he is not to denounce as heretics, all who think not with him, or who decline a controversy, on dark, difficult questions, which the oracles of truth have never decided. The minister, who has the spirit of Christ, will not, methinks, brand his brethren as infidels, because they cannot in all points, speculate with him, on the deep, the secret things of God."

The teachings and the life of Mr. Rogers were in perfect harmony. Temperate in all things; gentle and patient in every scene; he never was known to offend any one, nor did any individual ever say a word against his moral character. For almost thirty eight years he continued the pastor of the same flock. He pursued his whole career of integrity and usefulness "so holily, and justly, and unblameably," that all who knew him—even those who differed from him in sentiment—esteemed, honored and loved him. His life presents the rare example of a Christian minister living so perfectly—that no one, even the worst disposed, could ever reproach him.

In the month of May, next after his settlement, Mr. Rogers was married to Miss Mary Pierce of Woburn; a lady of good mind and attainments. The first six or seven years of his ministry were peaceable and prosperous, and his home was the abode of quiet happiness. For the last thirty years, Mr. Rogers was called to endure severe and painful trials. During all this period, his wife was afflicted with a most painful derangement, which continued until her death, the last summer. Through the whole of this trying affliction he conducted towards the partner of his bosom with uniform tenderness and patient consideration. Nor did he ever speak of his domestic troubles to others, but endured them with silent, magnanimous fortitude and the utmost cheerfulness.

For more than twelve years after his ordination he lived in great harmony with all his flock, which was as much united as any congregational society of that day of violent controversy. But it was not to be expected that it should long remain exempt from the spirit of division which had become so general. In 1822, Mr. Rogers was suddenly charged, by nine members of his society, with changing his sentiments and not preaching the Gospel. This charge was groundless. He met it in his customary calm and forbearing manner. He was conscious of having preached the same Gospel he ever did, and of having felt more and more interested in preaching the *true* gospel. This unexpected charge led him to examine more fully the ground of his faith, to search the scriptures more closely, and to declare more plainly what he conceived to be the whole counsel of God. But his keeping simply to doctrines revealed, did not satisfy some, and eleven families chose to withdraw and form themselves into a new society.

This drew the old society into a critical situation; and very much increased the toils and cares of its beloved pastor. It was found necessary to remove their meeting-house and to build it anew. It was dedicated on the 12th of January 1828. The sermon which Mr. Rogers delivered on this occasion, was the only one he ever published.

From this time, the Society were in too enfeebled a state to give their pastor an adequate support. He, therefore, cheerfully sought employment, for a part of the time, elsewhere. He went forth, a welcome missionary, to many destitute places, within twenty miles distance. He was employed for more than sixteen years, by the "Massachusetts Evangelical Missionary Society," and also by the "Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America", and truly does the Secretary of the latter Society, the Rev. Dr. Parkman, remark, that "he fulfilled his work with characteristic fidelity, godly simplicity, and in the spirit of a faith unfeigned; commending himself wherever he went, as a good steward of the manifold grace of God."

But in the Autumn of 1843, he was subject to a paralytic stroke, and from that time the powers of nature, both in mind and body, exhibited symptoms of decay, and eventually, to the regret of his flock and of all to whom he ministered, he was compelled to relinquish his labors. His Society highly esteemed him for his work's sake, and for the excellencies of his character. While he had been their minister he had endured some severe and long continued trials, but always with a mind singularly serene and happy,—ever looking hopefully on their interests, and finding manifold sources of satisfaction and encouragement in his prayers and labors for their good. He loved his little flock, and it was his greatest desire to see them enjoying the privilege of constant preaching. He witnessed the settlement of his colleague, now nearly a year since, and it was to him an occasion of the greatest joy. Soon after this, the decay of his earthly tabernacle rapidly advanced. In his enfeebled state, however, his wonted cheerfulness never left him. An habitual cultivation of his spiritual nature, during the days of his intellectual vigor, was now amply repaid by a delightful share of high and holy peace and serenity, and a sweet sense of the Divine Presence. Hence he would oft exclaim, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all my days," and, "The Lord will keep in perfect peace those who put their trust in him."

Long after the partial failure of his mental powers, he continued to possess a spirit whose aspect towards his heavenly Father was truly devotional, thankful and happy; and towards those around him, tender and affectionate. So worthy an example of Christian goodness and faithfulness, through so long a life, *ought* not, *cannot* be lost upon his survivors; exhibiting so fully as it does the blessed fruits of that faith, which, like the glory of its great author and finisher, shines through all the unjust reproaches which are heaped on its professors, and enlightens and hallows every earthly duty and connection! Such, it must surely be admitted, by all unprejudiced persons who knew him, was the influence of his faith on our departed friend. All his secular transactions bore the stamp of the highest conscienciousness and integrity. He was remarkably punctual and faithful in all his engagements, unwearied in his labors for others' good, and manifested with regard to his earthly means, the most exemplary generosity. As a friend, his attachments were strong and abiding, and sanctified by religious principle. As a husband and a parent, he was watchful and affectionately kind;—through the long continuance of his beloved partner's painful derangement, he showed towards her the greatest tenderness of feeling, the most ready compliance with her eccentric desires, and the constant fondness of a love that never dies. As a preacher and pastor, which form the highest style of the true Christian, he possessed most valuable qualifications. He had not, it is true, the eloquence and strong argumentative powers of a Paul; he may rather be compared to "the disciple whom Jesus loved." His preaching was that of the heart. Almost every thing he saw, or heard, or read, or studied, was converted to the feeding of the divine flame of love. Every discourse seems to have been moulded by love. The careless and trifling he warned with affectionate faithfulness. In full view of the sincere disciple of Jesus he set, in the most affectionate manner, the true source of spiritual strength and peace, purity and joy; and well was he fitted, by his own experience and his ready, heartfelt sympathy, to speak the words of comfort to the children of affliction and sorrow. He was eminently a man of *prayer*. No one who ever witnessed, either in public or private, his devotional exercises, need be reminded, how great was the holy fervor which they displayed! How appropriate and scriptural the language in which they were expressed! How profound his reverence for the eternal Father—the sole object of religious adoration! What indications they discovered of undoubting faith and hope in the Divine promises! What love to God and Christ, and all mankind; but more especially, for his little flock, in ministering to whom, he spent his best energies for more than thirty-five years.

That one whose character was so formed, and whose spirit was so devoted to the cause of God and truth, and the highest interests of his fellowmen, should have passed a life so remarkably serene, cheerful, and happy, might have reasonably been expected; and truly this was the happiness of this good and faithful servant of Jesus Christ, as they best know, who knew him most. "For him to live was Christ"—cheerfully to labor in his vineyard; willing to suffer reproach for his sake; trustfully to await the blissful vision of his presence;—"and to die was gain"—to realize more than his brightest anticipations, in the full enjoyment of an immortal kingdom of righteousness and peace, and a never fading crown of glory and perfection, in the presence of that beloved Master, who, we doubt not, has welcomed him with the triumphant salutation, "Well done good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

A. M. B.

STATE LUNATIC HOSPITAL.

We have carefully read the Fourteenth Annual Report of the Trustees of this beneficent Institution, and with a renewed conviction of its great and widely extended influence. During the year, Dr. Woodward, whose name, as a public benefactor, is known wherever an enlightened zeal for this unhappy class of sufferers is felt, has resigned his place as Superintendent, and been succeeded by Dr. George Chandler. It is gratifying to see by the number of admissions since the change, that no diminution of confidence in the Institution has been caused by this change.

"Six hundred and thirty-seven insane persons have, during the last year, enjoyed the privileges of the hospital. The average number in the hospital has been three hundred and fifty-nine. The whole number who have left the hospital the past year, is two hundred and seventy. Of these, one hundred and fifty-four have been restored to health, to happiness, to the world, and to themselves. It is a large number to be healed of their diseases, and to be reclothed in their right minds.

We have been too solicitous, perhaps, from the crowded state of the house, to send away our patients before they had entirely recovered. In a few instances, when they have gone thus early, they have found, on going to meet the duties of active life, that their minds were not sufficiently strong, and have been obliged to return to us to perfect, by a longer residence, their cure. There are some persons who are enabled, while under the mildest restraints of the hospital, to conduct with great propriety and decorum, but who, on assuming the care of business or their families, become confused and lose the proper control of their reasoning powers.

It is not necessary nor desirable, in every case, that the patients remain in the institution until their reason and bodily health are perfectly restored; for, with judicious treatment, many can perfect their restoration with their friends at home, as well as at the hospital.

The great anxiety of friends to remove patients early, obliges us to record some as only improved, who would have added to our list of recoveries, had they remained longer with us.—Some of such cases recovered after going to their homes, but the chance of their recovery was diminished by their premature removal.

The experience of the past year confirms the often repeated assertion, that the curability of insanity decreases inversely with the length of time the disease has existed.

The weekly charge is two dollars and fifty cents.

There have been thirty-eight deaths during the past year, three of which were by suicide.—Among those who died was Eliza M. Mead, the very interesting girl who was deprived of almost all her external senses.

Labor ranks high among the curative means used here, and it is made a source of profit also. The patient who labors moderately increases his physical health and mental happiness thereby, while the results of his labors are beneficial to the whole household. Although the supervision, which many of the laboring patients require while at work, costs more than their labor is worth, still it is resorted to as a remedial means.

The various departments of business here give opportunities for a great many to take profitable exercise. Those who have sufficient control over their minds and feelings, and desire it, are daily called upon to assist in the various duties of the hospital. The facilities for giving employment to the females are greater than they are to the males. But the farm, of about one hundred acres, affords in the warm season a wide field of labor, of the most invigorating kind.

Amusements.—More extended means for occupying the inmates of hospitals, have been constantly sought for by those who have the care of them. When useful labor cannot be had recourse to, either from the former habits of the individual, or from want of interest in any thing, which is the case with many of the insane, then amusements are resorted to. And they are beneficial in arresting the attention and giving exercise to the body and mind of many who would otherwise pass the day in inactivity and listlessness. Chess, cards, backgammon, rolling balls, jumping the rope, &c., are in-door games; and base-ball, pitching quoits, walking and riding, are out-door amusements. There are some patients of a melancholy cast of disease, who baffle all the adroitness of their attendants to induce them to join in any of these things. There are several cages of singing birds in the galleries; these give employment and amusement to several. Parties for singing sacred music and parties for dancing, are held frequently. The matron has continued her series of sewing parties every two weeks, in the Johonnot Hall. At these, from forty to seventy female patients assemble with their respective attendants. All are invited whose conduct is such as will add to the general good. They continue in session about two hours, and end with a treat of nuts and fruit.

Some of the common sewing for the institution is done here; but the great business of the day is to make up the "fancy work" that is exposed for sale, the proceeds of which are expended in the purchase of books for their own reading.

Their library now consists of about five hundred volumes of miscellaneous books. Eighty-eight dollars and sixty-nine cents were received the past year from the sales, and the profits thereof have been expended in the purchase of books.

This library is resorted to more frequently by the males than by the females themselves. Thus the industry and skill of the one sex contribute mainly to the amusement and information of the other. All who wish it, and many do, go and select from it such books as they please.

Many periodicals are taken by the patients and attendants, and are read in the halls.

The religious services have been conducted by the Rev. George Allen, who has officiated many years as chaplain of the institution. They consist of such public services, forenoon and afternoon, on the Sabbath, as are usually performed in all our churches, and a Bible class in the afternoon, after meeting; and of evening prayers at half-past eight o'clock, with reading of a portion of Scripture and a hymn, with singing by our choir of patients and attendants; and of occasional interviews during the week, with such as desire it, or with such as would seem to be benefitted by such social conferences with the chaplain.

These exercises have been conducted in a very judicious and acceptable manner. As our congregation is made up of those of all denominations, controversial and doctrinal points of theology have been wisely avoided, while the great truths and principles of religion have been held up, and obedience to them insisted upon as the only source of true happiness.

The effect of these stated religious services has been salutary upon our whole household.—Many of our patients refer with great pleasure to these seasons of worship. The extreme quiet and stillness of our meetings, manifest the interest and marked respect with which they are appreciated by our large congregation of about three hundred. A few strangers from abroad are present almost every Sabbath.

These religious services have now become so incorporated with our daily duties, that they could hardly be omitted without seriously endangering the well-being and good government of the establishment. They tend to increase the respect of each individual for themselves and for each other. They afford a season for the excited and restless to exercise their power of self-control, when they can call to their aid all their former associations connected with their religious training.

The Scriptures are placed in the hands of all whose disease does not lead them to make an improper use of them. Sometimes patients read and search the Bible to find passages to substantiate their delusions. Except in a few instances of this kind, the perusal of the Scriptures tends wholly to good, for therein is written the law of love and kindness, of justice and truth; and therein is taught nothing that vitiates the conscience, injures the health, or deranges the mind."

THE NEW PLANET.

The Jan. No. of the Religious Magazine, which by accident did not come to us till near the end of the month, contained an excellent sermon on "Reserved Power," by Dr. Putnam. The present number has a very beautiful discourse on the New Planet, by Mr. Bartol, from which we cannot resist the inclination to make copious extracts.

"Le Verrier, the sagacious explorer of the celestial spheres, to whom we owe this great achievement of the age, was led into the track of the new planet, by detecting some perturbation or disturbed movements in the planet Herschel, for which the motions and attractions of the known heavenly bodies could not account."

* * * * * *

"The question arose in the explorer's mind, as through the lenses of his searching tube he gazed on that bright sphere, so long supposed to tread on the very verge and outermost circle of those stars that sing together in our little sister-band of God's infinite family of worlds,—as he gazed and, with his armed, instructed eye, saw it tremble and sway from the line it should in obedience to the sun and its fellow travellers maintain, the question arose, what affection it could feel to thus make it lean aside; and, with a bold prudence, he judged that it must have beyond some other companion, which human eye had not yet seen. He scans these perturbed inclinations more exactly, measures their amount, ascends to their adequate cause, and though that cause still lay darkly ranging on, with to earthly vision undiscernible lustre, he yet predicts its place, and course, and time of arrival into the focus of human sight. His prediction is recorded, to be entertained by some, or incredulously smiled at by others.

But lo! in due time the stranger comes as announced, to fulfil this "sure prophetic word" of the divinely inspired understanding of man; and a glorious new world swims into his telescopic view, sailing on the farthest rim of solar attraction, more than three thousand millions of miles away,—a world immense in its proportions as compared with this narrow surface of human action and passion. It comes and sets up its blue, brilliant disc in the heavens, in addition to the broad, lustrous face of Jupiter, the shining ring of Saturn, the soft beauty of Venus, and the red shield of Mars.

"A just weight and balance are the Lord's." So believed the calm, though sanguine calculator who marked the rising and falling scales of the material universe.

"A just weight and balance are the Lord's" I believe we may with equal justice say, as we examine the order and observe the perturbations of the moral universe. The motions and tremblings and disturbances of the human heart also refer to a world beyond.

The disorders and wrongs and sufferings of human life demand a rectification and balance, as much as the swayings and wanderings of a material orb. For God is a spirit. His nature is essentially moral, and He cannot have made the moral and spiritual system of things less perfect than his outward and coarser handiwork. Let us consider, then, some of these moral perturbations, and inquire what the compensation must be.

And first, there is a perturbation of the human heart in view of death, and, so far as we can see it is peculiar to the human heart. The animal seems to have no proper fear of death; he knows nothing of that peculiar horror with which the soul of man starts back aghast from the gulf of annihilation. That horror and perturbation belong to human nature. It is made a part of us by the Author of our nature. It is felt not by the bad and conscious-stricken only; but by the good and self-approving also. Indeed, in proportion as faithful culture has opened the nobler faculties and expanded the better affections towards God and man, it is felt more deeply.

What, then, is it that thus draws our heart aside from the orbit of mortality, and makes it unwilling to keep true to the line that leads only to the grave? Shall we not conclude, like the astronomer, that it is another world, another system of moral being, that attracts and claims fellowship with it, and sways it up and on, over the white mark of the inscribed tombstone,—a real world, though yet unseen by human eye,—a world more glorious than the present, though no ray of it has yet actually reached us—a world that shall at length swim out from the darkness and distance, in which it is now kept and mysteriously involved, and when the veil of blinding flesh is taken off, and our eyes purged of these mists of mortal ignorance, rush into the field of vision, and to those who doubt or believe, appear as a majestic reality?"

Under the second head, which we are obliged to omit, Mr. Bartol speaks of the perturbation of the human heart in view of sin.

"There is one more perturbation of the human heart in the view of *sorrow*. Linked together by the strong and various affections of life, we might be almost indisposed to look beyond the revolutions of this earthly scene. But if we are tempted to feel thus, the severing of the links in the sweet chain of domestic and social love, and the disappearance of the objects to which our whole being tended, soon comes to disturb this worldly orbit in which we have moved, and then our hearts sway from the earthly line, and go in search of the beloved. They are still affected by those objects though invisible; and, with yearning desire, they feel after them, if haply they may find them. As even heathen fable represents men as penetrating to the shades below in search of those near to them, so the heart, educated in a better school, soars into the brightness above after the forms of the departed. It is never quite at rest in this lower atmosphere after their removal. It forsakes its ordinary path of action, and diverges from its habitual track of meditation. It veers from its present ecliptic of being, however clear and sunny that earthly ecliptic may be. It feels the perturbation of sorrow! And is it a causeless and unmeaning perturbation, referring to no substance, but excited in us by the Author of our frame for our mere mockery, baffling and torment! Is there nothing but a blank, rayless void beyond, corresponding to it? Oh no—these beating and sorrow-perturbed hearts before me cry out, Not so! There is a world there, a world of splendor, an inhabited and social world, a world larger and more compreinensive than ours, a more spacious mansion in our Father's great house—our home—and for all the faithful, Death, God's angel, but waiting to open the door.

Oh, Death, even as we gaze on the clay-cold ruins thou has made, we feel it is so. As we trace the surviving influence of the disinterested and good we feel it is so. Truly may it be said of the "loved, revered and honored head" which thou takest, that, even as it lies low and still upon the bier, "thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, or make one feature odious." * * "Strike, shadow, strike! and see his good deeds springing from the ground to sow the world with life immortal." See, if thou canst, beyond thy dark precincts, the released spirit, from the solitary death-bed or from the whelming sea, wing its way on an endless career of excellence!

From the peaceful purity of private life, and even from the guilt-stained scenes of earth, come testimonies that this beating and perturbed heart of man is made for a loftier destiny.

When, on that southern field, where we are waging this deplorable war, the Mexican woman comes out with comforts in her hands for suffering friend and foe mingling together in conflict, and is shot down by a chance bullet, and the soldiers afterwards with a touched feeling suspend their deadly strife on the soil ploughed by the cannon-ball, to give her decent burial, (well reversing their arms to dig that grave!) who does not feel that the human heart, though passionate, and though polluted, is yet appointed to a greater fate beyond the dust of the valley!

Our subject suggests one reflection respecting that Christian faith, which answers our longing interrogations of the future, and confirms all our best reasonings.

It is strange that any of the spiritualizing philosophers of the day should be incredulous as to the miraculous works and resurrection of Christ,—these facts so congenially meet the mind in its loftiest flights into the regions of spiritual truth,—meet it, not to contradict, not to narrow, not to baulk, but to illuminate, to exalt, and carry on its researches. These facts are the very crown of the intellect and the soul of man.

Our argument to-day has been a rational argument, suggested by nature and encouraged by Scripture. But it lands us on the firm shore of the Christian revelation. It ends at the shining sepulchre of Jesus. It brings us to his glorious ascension, not as an appearance portentous and disorderly in God's universe, not as a history to be cavilled at as monstrous, and gnawed by the tooth of a jealous, unbelieving criticism, but to be accepted, welcomed, as something most probable and natural for God to do. While our minds strive and reason, let us thank Him for this superhuman instruction on a point so momentous. Even as the observations of the astronomer turned supposition into fact in regard to the planet, so Jesus Christ has actually revealed the world which the human mind had conjectured and made calculations upon. By his works he is the verifier of man's loftiest ideas. He has sailed across the gulf of time, and disclosed the continent of eternity; he has dispersed the mists of the grave, and unveiled the world of spirits. Human hope had earnestly longed for, human imagination had brightly pictured, human reason had almost foreshown, that unbounded continent, that upper world, as the soul's immortal habitation; but no Columbus of the earth or the heavens had actually discovered it. Jesus Christ visited its shores, and came back with the tidings of its real existence. It is no longer the bourn from which no traveller has returned. We may still trace the analogies that indicate, and make the rational calculations that predict, and draw the images of our fancy that adorn it. Yet let us not slight, but greet with grateful souls the confirmations of supernatural evidence, by which our Savior manifests and makes it sure. The Christian does not deprecate examination of his faith. And yet, oh Doubt, and oh Scepticism, could you prove the omens of man's immortality to be all empty and fallacious, boast not your triumph!

> "Let wisdom smile not on her conquered field,
> No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed,"

as you dig the pit in this universal grave of earth's crust, and bury all the beauty, all the goodness, all the glory of the world! Boast not, smile not, but hang the head in sorrow and shame as you tell your melancholy story. But no! these omens cannot be made hollow to the human soul. Especially that great and wondrous omen, (but the climax of an ascending series,) of our Lord's broken tombstone, will be significant forever. It meets indeed the perturbations of the human heart, to make them quiet and peaceful. It turns those perturbations into predictions. Whether our minds are excited or unexcited, whether our reasonings are strong or feeble, whether our imaginations glow or darken, this great omen of a risen Redeemer still cheers us. For it brings that future world out of the darkness in which it had revolved, to roll in celestial splendor to every believer's eye, and gleam with inextinguishable promise to all generations."

For the Register.

RECKLESS PREACHING.

Mr. Editor,—Soon after the publication of the last No. of the Christian Examiner, I sat down to enjoy its welcome pages. It was towards evening when I finished reading the article upon the loss of the steamer Atlantic, a portion of which is copied into the Register of Jan. 16th. I read the delineation of the characters of the two young gentlemen of Boston, with deep interest, although I had known neither of them personally. It was refreshing to meet in this worldly world with such examples of religious living and dying among the young, as are exhibited in the account of these right-minded men.

Very soon after laying down the book, and with the impression received from it still fresh in my mind, I went into a Baptist church, where a religious service was to be held. It was said to be a season of more than usual attention to the matters of the soul, with the congregation worshipping there. A stranger, who was in the pulpit with the pastor, preached. His text was, "What shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?" (1 Pet. iv: 19.) He first set forth *what the gospel of God is*, making it to consist mainly of a system of doctrines, such as the deity of Christ, the personality and duty of the Holy Spirit, the entire corruption of man's nature, human impotency in the work of conversion and salvation, &c.

He next taught his hearers *who they are that obey not the gospel of God*; and considered those who reject the above named doctrines, as deserving to be the first mentioned and most dwelt upon of this class.

The last topic of the discourse was the *end* of them that disobey the gospel of God. In treating this head, the preacher described the elements which combine to make up the sufferings of the ungodly in a state of retribution. Among these was *despair*. And that his hearers might the more vividly see the heart-sinking which despair produces, he took them to the deck of "the splendid Steamer lately wrecked on our coast," and asked what must have been the feelings of those doomed passengers, when they became convinced that destruction was inevitable. "It was only a short time before that disaster," said the preacher, "that I saw one of those passengers. I saw him in Boston—traded with him—a gay, thoughtless, giddy young man. I mean Collamore." And then he proceeded, as if no tidings had been preserved of the manner in which the last hours of that young man were spent, nor of the spirit with which he looked forward to impending death, and leaving his hearers to infer that he should have been, and doubtless was, overwhelmed with despair.

I am confident I have not misrepresented the preacher. Many of his words I distinctly recollect; especially did the epithets coupled with the name of the lost traveller, fasten themselves in my memory. I have no motive to distort the language I am remarking upon. I believe I went into the church without any captiousness of mind. And little as the discourse was to my taste in its general features, wide as I believe it to have been from the Word of Scripture in its doctrine, I should never have thought of making a communication about it, but for the allusion it contained to a character which I had just seen so differently sketched. I have been told, though I do not know if it be true, that this preacher has an agency in some Bible Society. It matters little. He is a minister of Jesus Christ.—Did he carelessly introduce this reference to an individual of whose character he knew nothing, for the purpose of giving more point and impressiveness to his gloomy doctrine, and thinking it of little consequence whether his statements were exactly true or not, since there would be none to detect a misrepresentation? When he called this individual "gay, thoughtless and giddy," he meant his hearers should understand that he was describing a young man without religious principle. If he did not know that which he asserted to be true, how should he dare cast such imputations upon another's name, or trifle with the memory of the dead? If he knew what he said was not true, his language admits of no apology. He led his hearers to suppose that the subject of his remarks probably died in a state of despair. Had he sufficient ground for such a presumption? Did he know anything about his demeanor or feelings during the few appalling hours that he stood waiting at death's door? If nothing, why did he say anything?—Who will justify this officious and presumptuous consignment of a fellow immortal to the depths of endless despair? If he did know of these things whereof he spoke, he knew that he was deceiving those who listened to him; for he knew that the end of that man was not despair, but peace; that his words were those of trust and resignation; that with a sustained and self-possessed spirit, he calmly lifted up his voice in prayer amid the driving winds and devouring waters; and that messages expressive of faith and submission, have come from him to surviving friends. In either case must not such recklessness of facts and truth meet with universal reprehension!

W.

For the Register.

Mr. Editor:—I attended worship last Sunday at the Winter Street Church, and heard preaching from the younger of its two ministers. This was characterized by so much simplicity, so much earnestness and application, with such a youthful freshness and sweetness, and was so accordant with the tenor of the Gospel, that it seemed to me a happy circumstance that so large a multitude should listen weekly to such instructions. I felt it was to be a subject of great regret, and a very strange fact in the economy of the church, that such teachers of religion should, whether by their or by our fault, be excluded from our sympathies, or our fellowship with them be at all impaired by sectarian aversions. Suppose that on other occasions, if I should hear him, I should hear something which would, in our view, savor too much of the errors of traditionary doctrine, how little efficacy would this have to neutralize the current of his influence! and how little ought it to chill our regard! I reflected too what a wholesome reaction on one another our religious bodies would have, in correcting one another's biases, and disciplining one another's charity, if they were associated together in a fraternal and mutually respecting union. At any rate since no love more restricted than general charity is impressed on us as a duty by the Apostle, and there can be little merit in the performance of a duty only in those cases where it is easy, let us cultivate the "brotherly love" which is the proper ornament of a Christian's disposition, towards all those who rightly claim our regard on account of their service in the cause of the Savior. *

S.

For the Register.

Matthew xxviii. 20, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

The above text is frequently quoted to prove that Christ will be personally present with his disciples to *the end of time*. But if this were the case, then he must be omnipresent, and if omnipresent, he must be the true God; a doctrine every where opposed in the New Testament.—But this application and conclusion, are wholly unwarranted by the text. If this passage were rightly translated it would deprive the Orthodox of this argument.

I have not met with a single critic, of eminence, in modern times, Trinitarian, or otherwise, who admits the justice of our common version of this text. Dr. Campbell, (Trinitarian) translates it thus:—"Lo, I am with you always, *to the conclusion of this state*," meaning the Jewish State. Mr. Wakefield, the first Greek scholar of his day, "*to the end of this age*," that is, the Jewish Dispensation, for so long most of the Apostles lived. With Wakefield agree the improved version—Bishop Pearce (Trinitarian)—Kenrick, &c., &c.

The true meaning of this text may be thus stated. "*Lo, I am with you*," my Apostles, "*always*," not in person, but by the communication of miraculous gifts to enable you to fulfil your office, and to support you therein; (See Mark, 16, 17, 18,) "*to the conclusion of this state*," that is, to the conclusion of the Jewish State and Dispensation. This passage, then, must be confined to the Apostles, to whom it was addressed, and limited to the age in which they lived.

This view of the subject is supported by historic facts. We have not more than two or three instances of Christ's *personal presence* with the Apostles during their lives. And after the close of that age, we have no proof, worthy of belief, or that he was ever personally present with any of his disciples.

J. K.

For the Register.

Mr. Editor,—In looking over your paper a few weeks since, my eye rested upon a notice of the receipt of ten dollars by the Sunday School Society, from the ladies of our Sunday School, to constitute me, their Superintendant, a life member of that Association.

As I could not well express my feelings to them personally, I have taken this method to acknowledge the favor; and, while I can truly say, that their zealous and earnest co-operation in everything relating to the success and prosperity of our School, has more than compensated me for my feeble efforts, yet, such a manifestation of respect and esteem, I feel demands of me a renewed consecration of the powers and talents God has given me, and a more hearty co-operation with these, my dearly loved laborers in this part of the vineyard of our Lord, in training these young and vigorous shoots to bear celestial fruit in the garden of paradise; and I would have them feel, that while they have by this act of kindness, contributed to encourage and animate a fellow laborer, they have also contributed of their substance to others not immediately connected with their own School, who shall hereafter "rise up and call them blessed."

K——k, Jan. 30, 1847.

B.

Lay Installations. The Christian Examiner expresses a view similar to what we have given, as to the effect, on the Unitarian denomination, of their new measure of installing ministers without councils. The editors say:—

"Within a few months two examples of this kind have occurred in Boston, one in Salem, one in Lynn, and a somewhat analogous case in Cambridge. We hope such a change in our ecclesiastical usages will not be generally adopted without due consideration. If some slight advantage may result in point of convenience,—which is probably a chief consideration with those who have admitted the change,—it is immensely outweighed by the greater dignity and wider sympathy which belong to the usual mode of introduction into the pastoral charge. The connection between minister and people has already become so loose, that we reg

DR. GANNETT'S SECOND LECTURE ON THE SCRIPTURES.

The Christian World of last week, contains a very interesting report of Dr. Gannett's second lecture. It is on the Inspiration of the Scriptures, and after putting down several different theories of Inspiration, comes to the conclusion that the Scriptures are, in no proper sense, inspired, but only the faithful records of a divine revelation, and, as such, are to be received and obeyed. Strong arguments are urged, and the lecture is thus closed:

"In conclusion, I will explain the nature of the authority of the Scriptures. In doing this, I would remind you that the parts of the Bible have different values. There are parts with regard to whose authority we need not trouble ourselves; parts purely historical or poetical, which do not claim authority; history, which only claims that we give it credence; poetry, which, so far as it is religious, claims only the sympathy of our hearts. But with regard to other portions which claim authority, which are the records of divinely inspired truth, before these passages we must bow in implicit trust and grateful reverence. "But," says some one, "do you mean to say that the human mind must forego some of its faculties? must reason be abased before the Scriptures?" Abased! Is reason ever honored more than in accepting these divine instructions? Is reason ever in a more noble attitude, than when it sits at the feet of Jesus, and looks up with grateful confidence in his face? Reason has an office; it is to investigate the character of the records, and to verify them. It is the office of criticism to ascertain which are true objects of faith. It is from reason that we learn that they are worthy of confidence. A second office of reason is to discover the meaning of these records, to take them as human writings, and apply to them the same laws of interpretation as to any other human writings. When reason has thus fortified and interpreted the writings, it has nothing to do but to accept the testimony, and to revere the truths which they contain. Let reason accept them, not that it may cavil concerning these lessons, but may use them for the enlightening and strengthening of the mind. I say to this faculty, Bow before God, enshrined in his own truth.—*Here is a God*, worthy of your fondest love, who has been pleased to bend from the highest heavens and expose himself to your view, by a revelation, that you may learn to be happy.—Your duty is, first to investigate the records of that revelation, second to interpret, and third to accept and use them. Do you ask if reason shall accept something which is against reason? This manner of presenting a difficulty, is unworthy of an honest mind. It is a supposition which cannot honestly be made, for reason is one method of divine communication, revelation is another method, and God cannot contradict himself in his successive methods of communication. Revelation cannot contain anything contrary to reason, although it may contain much above reason. Nature! how much is it above the comprehension of reason! Province above province, how far is it beyond our reach! its mystery of light, its mystery of sound, its mystery of death! Providence! How much does that contain which is above reason! Yet let not reason complain; let it thank God that he has given more light than reason could have thrown upon the path of human duty by human experience.

My friends, such is my view of the ground and nature of the authority of the Scriptures. Therefore do we stand upon the fundamental principle of Protestant reform,—the sufficiency of the Scriptures; and to that principle we unite the right of private judgment. Let them go together and act in harmonious company. Thus while we make the Scriptures our guide, let not the Church, be she Catholic or Protestant, partial or universal, presume to stand before us and the Scriptures. Let not the Church dare to overrule the teachings of God. Let, then, all who have the Scriptures, bow to their authority. Let them gratefully and reverently peruse those pages. They are sacred; they are divine; for they contain faithful records of God-given communications to man. Take the Bible with a fondness and veneration that you bestow upon no other volume. Its language is to be interpreted upon the same principles which are used in reading other books, but still there is no book to be compared with this, no other that exercises or that has a right to exercise such authority over the opinions and habits of men. Bow, I say, before it, and as you press it to your heart, let its spirit penetrate into the inmost recesses of that heart, sanctifying the conscience and purifying the desires. Let the Bible be the authority of the Christian world; to that let the appeal be made. "To the law and to the testimony"; the law of heaven and the testimony given by true and faithful men. And that authority shall stand; that law shall be reverenced, and that testimony shall be accredited, when the opinions of our age shall have faded out of the recollections of man. That authority shall stand when the governments of the earth that now lift up their heads shall have crumbled in the dust; when systems of philosophy now admired and followed, shall be forgotten except by the studied antiquarian; when the Christian sects that now divide the Church shall have passed off, and other sects shall have come in their place, or one common church shall fill the earth; at the most distant period of time, and through all ages down to that moment, shall the Bible stand alone in its sanctity, its beauty and its authority, the record of the divine will, the strength of the weak, the comfort of the sorrowful, the hope of the dying. The authority of the Bible, impugn it not, deny it not, desire not to see it called in question, but lean upon that authority as upon the arm of the Lord, and it shall bear you up through all life's dangers and trials. Yea, and it shall be your hope through the floods of death, and introduce you to the fuller revelations of the Father's presence in bliss.

TEMPORARY HOME FOR THE DESTITUTE.

To the benevolent, and all those who wish to prevent Pauperism and Crime. Though you have many calls upon your charity, we know your hands are ever open and your hearts ever ready to sympathise with, and relieve the afflicted.—Therefore we come to you with one more petition, and we come confiding in the belief that if our project shall appear to you to be feasible and expedient, it will give you pleasure to enable us to carry our plan into effect.

We propose to go to the *root* of the evils which have been so much complained of, and take charge of a portion, at least, of the poor children of this city, who are not unfrequently deserted or left desolate by the vice and intemperance of their parents, or perhaps are orphans, and in the care of poor and ignorant neighbors, who are already sufficiently burthened, or it may be, are taken in charge by vicious and designing persons.

Also, to *prevent* crime, by providing a temporary shelter, by furnishing assistance in procuring employment, and by taking away the almost absolute necessity to an evil course which is the portion of many who by temptation have fallen into error, or have drawn around themselves the bonds of vicious habits, and are implicated in crime, if not deeper involved. If so, and they are disposed to reform and return to the paths of rectitude and honor, we would help them to do so by providing them with a home, and surrounding them with good influences, where they should be treated kindly and in such a manner as shall inspire self-respect, and confirm their good resolutions until situations proper for them can be obtained.

We propose to confine our efforts to unprotected children of both sexes, and occasionally to females of adult years who may need a temporary shelter. There are many children who by the sickness, loss, or crime of one or both of their parents are often in great peril. Those acquainted with the operation of our judicial police, are often pained by seeing this.

There are also many older persons who are looking for employment, are strangers in the city, who have been induced to come here by false representations, or other means, who are willing to work, or are desirous of leaving, but are bewildered or have not the means. Many of these are exposed to peculiar temptations, into which, if but once ensnared, they are fallen indeed. There are also those who are charged with misdemeanors, or are under bonds, well-disposed, and wishing to reform, but know of no friends or home where they can go, unless it be the haunts from which they were taken, to return to which would be almost a moral certainty that they would again but repeat the course from which both they and we wish them to escape.

After much consideration, we deem it worthy of a trial to open a house for these classes which shall be a temporary home; not a place of idleness, but one where they can be employed, and thus partially defray their own expenses. This plan we have had in contemplation some months, but found hindrances that have delayed us until the present time. We have now so far completed our arrangements as to have engaged a large and pleasant house, selected a matron and assistant, in the choice of which, we think we have been quite fortunate; have furnished the kitchen and two chambers. The house is open and in operation. We have eight more chambers, a sitting, work and school-room to be furnished. We want the means of enlarging and continuing our home. We mean to provide daily instruction in domestic and household duties as well as in knowledge generally, also to have a meeting for social worship on the Lord's day.

We judge that those we propose to assist would remain in the house from one to ten days each. Of course the instruction that we could give them, would not amount to much; nevertheless we think one good lesson is never lost. Perhaps a regular school might be kept in the house, where poor children might be taught to sew and repair their own garments. We think we could thus be useful to from one to three hundred persons per annum. Now if we can thus *prevent* one-half of that number from becoming a public charge, and as many more from a course of vice and ruin to themselves, and so becoming teachers of sin to others, is not this a worthy object?

It is not a visionary one. It has been considered and recommended by a committee of our legislature of last year to the charity of the citizens of Boston. From personal observation we know the need of it. From our own, and the experience of others, we know its practicability and probable success.

By your help we will do the work and try the experiment for two years, and give you the result. Then if it be found to be a poor investment for your support and interest, we will abandon, or transfer it to other and more competent hands. But we have a deep-rooted faith in the accomplishment of much good. We believe, and therefore we have acted. We hope, and therefore we appeal to you.

It must be better economy to spend five dollars to prevent one from becoming a criminal, rather than one hundred dollars in pursuing and punishing the same individual when made thus.

If it be worthy of commendation to give one of these perishing ones a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple of Christ, then we judge this, our purpose, to be one such as He would approve, and reverently trust for his approbation, and confidently look for your aid and encouragement.

We know of no boundaries of sect or class in those we wish to assist. We will be limited only by our means, and the degree of want to be relieved.

We think we can promise to all who contribute ten dollars and upwards, to inquire into the circumstances, and to assist one at least of their recommending, if there should be such an one in whom they have an interest.

S. E. BRACKETT, No. 227 Washington Street, has been appointed our Treasurer, to whom donations of money, furnishing material, and information may be addressed.

A subscription paper will soon be offered to those whom we suppose will be interested in such a plan. This subscription to continue for two years, and the amount to be called for semi-annually; or the same may be sent directly to the Treasurer, as this circular will probably reach some that the person having charge of the paper might overlook.

Application for admission to be made to EDWARD WINSLOW, 5 Broad Street; JAMES TOLMAN 13 Congress Square; ELIZA GARNAUT, Office of N. E. Moral Reform Society; and the Treasurer, Committee on Admission.

MANAGERS.

EDWARD WINSLOW.
JOHN AUGUSTUS.
MARY ALLEN.
GEORGE WM. BOND.
EDWARD HAYNES.
SAMUEL S. CURTIS.
MRS. SAMUEL HALL, JR.
BARBARA H. CHANNING.
MRS. JAMES SIVRETT.
JAMES TOLMAN.
ELIZA GARNAUT.
WILLIAM F. CHANNING.
M. DICKINSON.
J. T. FISHER.

We have been informed of the above proposed plan, and are more or less acquainted with its details.

From our own observation, or from the testimony on which we place entire reliance, we know of its need, and recommend it to the attention and support of those to whom it is addressed.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.
DANIEL SHARP.
J. INGERSOLL BOWDITCH.
E. S. GANNETT.
FRANCIS TUKEY.
E. H. CHAPIN.

OBITUARY.

MISS ELIZA SANGER.

Grateful is the memory of the pious dead.—Let us record their virtues for the benefit of the living. Every instance of mortality is an admonition of divine Providence. But when faith and hope are both triumphant, our confidence, yea our joy in spiritual truths, those truths which address themselves to the soul, seem to receive a divine energy and a heavenly meaning.

The subject of this notice, whose death was recorded in the Register of last week, was the youngest daughter of the third minister of Bridgewater, the Rev. Zedekiah Sanger, D. D. whose memory still holds a place in the hearts of many now living. Upon the death of her father, she found in the closer bond and increased interest which attached her to her mother, a new and grateful motive to filial duty—a new and deeper incentive to Christian progress. And when this last dear and tender tie was broken, and she was received, in her orphanage, with a glad welcome to the families and hearts of her sisters, brothers and friends at Burlington, Vt., and elsewhere, in the free and cordial reciprocation and interchange of the charities and sympathies of life, she found ample room at once for the cultivation and manifestations of the affections of the Gospels. Her last days were spent at Cambridge in the family of her father's successor in the ministry. They were days, notwithstanding some suffering from pulmonic disease, of cheerfulness and of improvement. The messenger from the spirit land came to her not without some premonition of his approach, but quickly at the last, and she met him with a composed mind and a subdued will.

Her life and her death were full of salutary lessons. It is a matter of grateful reflection that by her patience during her sickness and her resignation when "the hour had come," she taught the power of a Christian trust in Providence and of a Christian hope in immortality. She was a pattern of equanimity of temper such as is seldom known. And her disinterestedness was equally a singular and beautiful trait in her character. She seemed to have adopted for her rule of life, the apostolic precept, "Preferring one another in love." She preferred the interests of others to her own. She would bear her own burdens with a cheerful fortitude, and while every principle of benevolence and good will reigned within her, she was anxious lest the comfort or happiness of others should be diminished in the least on her account. Her last uttered thought was one expressive of concern for another to the withdrawal of it from herself.—The delicate sensibility to high perfection of character, involved in being a Christian, which she manifested when, with a full heart, she first privately expressed her resolution to make Jesus her teacher, exemplar and guide, never for a moment forsook her. It was to her a matter of thoughtful and yet of grateful interest to sanctify her life by the principles of the Gospel, that so her soul might be kept at its proper elevation. The angel which came to her with a summons to go hence, seemed to be impatient of any delay upon the earth, and she gave herself up with a quiet and confiding spirit to his heavenly keeping.

Her friends would not repine nor mourn.—Rather would they give thanks to the Sovereign Arbiter of life and of death that they were permitted to know and to love such a friend. And it will be their fervent prayer, that the light of her example as it is shown in her life and death, sanctified by the spirit of the Redeemer, may illumine their own pathway to the tomb.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

SUMMARY. Three men, by the names of Morton, Brown and Bell have been arrested and examined on the charge of robbing Carrier & Trott's store: and on curious circumstantial evidence will probably be committed for trial.—Hon. John Davis, present incumbent, has been re-elected Senator to Congress from this State.—On Wednesday evening, important intelligence (if true, of which there is some doubt,) was received from Mexico. The story is that the Congress has levied $15,000 on church property:—that Santa Anna for opposing the measure has *been shot* by his destitute soldiers—that the ecclesiastics are indignant, and the Mexicans in a high state of excitement.—Hon. J. C. Calhoun has given his views on the war. He is for abandoning farther offensive operations; and by holding a fortified line, compel Mexico to yield to fair terms.—Col. Cushing has received orders, it is said for the immediate departure of his regiment.

The gale on Wednsday of last week was very severe, and did some damage at Providence, R. I. The track of the Western Railroad was covered with mud and sand, to the depth of from one to two feet for a distance of 200 feet near Palmer. A freight train on the same road went through water three feet deep. At New York, Albany, and other places west and south, the storm was very violent. At Philadelphia much damage was done by the unroofing of houses &c.

An adjourned meeting of those opposed to the Mexican War was held in Faneuil Hall on the 4th inst. The speakers were interrupted; and the whole meeting noisy. Volunteers were present; some *with side arms*. The whole scene was disgraceful, and makes all lovers of order blush that a meeting in favor of peace should be thus outraged in Boston.

BETTER TIMES COMING. We take from an abstract of the Annual Report of the Warden of the State's Prison the following pleasant information.

"The moral well-being of the prisoners is earnestly and seduously cared for. A desire for self-improvement, it is stated, has prevailed in a remarkable degree; and much of the time not devoted to labor has been given to reading, writing, cyphering, and other useful studies.

The Legislature appropriated, last year, one hundred dollars for the purpose of books; and the prison library now consists of more than *four hundred* volumes, and the Warden adds "of the best books in our language." A Society has been formed during the last year, which bears the name of "The Massachusetts State Prison Society for Moral Improvement and Mutual Aid." A majority of the convicts have become members. The constitution and by-laws of this Society are contained in the Warden's Report. The preamble sets forth the circumstances, on the part of the members, which render such an association necessary: it recognizes particularly the fact, "that we are the intelligent and accountable creatures of God; and that He has placed us in the world to be like Him, benevolent and good." It refers to the "former condition" of the members, and "the power of temptation," by which they were led astray from the path of duty and virtue." The meetings of the Society are held once a fortnight; and they have been characterized by great decorum, order, and attention; and "the discussions," says the Warden, "have all been highly interesting, instructive and improving."

This Society held its first anniversary on the fourth of July last, which, besides religious services, consisted of singing, instrumental music, original songs, poems, and speeches by the convicts, "all of which" in the language of the Warden, "were of a high order, and would not have been discreditable to any assembly whatever."

Many of the "world's people," philanthropic and distinguished citizens, in and about Boston, have availed themselves of the privilege of the constitution and have become "honorary members" of the Society—thus encouraging the convicts by their countenance and presence to persevere in the ways of well-doing. All this constitutes a new era in the world. Convicts belonging to this Society, who conduct well and faithfully to the end, recieve a certificate signed by the officers. The Warden is the President.

There has been but a single death in the prison during the past year. A Sabbath School is maintained in the prison: religious service, also, on the Sabbath and every morning and evening, is regular through the year.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.—An adjourned meeting of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University was held in the Senate Chamber yesterday, M., His Excellency Gov. Briggs in the chair. Lt. Governor Reed submitted the report of the Committee upon the election of professors of the Law School, approving of the nominations of Simon Greenleaf as Dane Professor. These nominations were then unanimously confirmed by the Overseers by ballot. The nominations by the corporation of Josiah S. Hartwell, as a tutor in Latin, and Francis J. Child, as tutor in Mathematics, were also confirmed by ballot. The nomination by the Corporation, of Eben Norton Harsford, as "Rumford Professor, and Lecturer on Scientific Subjects," in place of Professor Treadwell, resigned, was announced, and referred to the next meeting.

The President of the University presented the doings of the Corporation in relation to the alterations made in the statutes of the Law School, which were committed to Messrs W. B. Calhoun, James T. Austin, and James Savage.

The reports of the examining Committees of last year, on Latin, Mathematics and the Observatory, were received, read, and referred to the Corporation. A communication was read from the Hon. Edward Everett, the President of the University, resigning his seat as a permanent member of the Board—and a nomination list for candidates to supply the vacancy occasioned by his resignation was opened.

The Hon. James Savage, from the committee reported a list of visiting and examining Committees for the present year.

The report concludes with the request that the President notify the several gentlemen of their appointment, and in case any of those appointed decline serving, he is authorised to appoint substitutes. The report was accepted.

The Board proceeded to the election of a clerical Overseer, in the place of the Rev. Dr. John Brazer, deceased, and the result was announced as follows: Whole number 58. Necessary for a choice 30. Rev. S. K. Lothrop had 37; Rev. Alexander H. Vinton 18; Rev. Manton Eastburn 2; Rev. James Flint 1. So the Rev. S. K. Lothrop was declared elected.

Adjourned to Thursday, the 18th inst., at 12 M.

THE NANTUCKET SUFFERERS.—The Selectmen of Nantucket have issued a circular, stating the amount received from abroad, in aid of the sufferers by the late fire in that place, and the disposition made of it.

The whole amount received was $56,498 53 in money, and 6400 in clothing, provisions, &c., coming from over 100 towns and cities. The recipients are more than 460 persons, of whom 350 are heads of families, so that the whole number actually assisted is upwards of 1350 persons. The number of buildings burned was upwards of 360, amount of property destroyed about $100,000—insured about 320,000; deducting $70,000 received from abroad, the actual loss is about $600,000. The Selectmen very feelingly express their gratitude in behalf of the inhabitants of Nantucket, for the aid bestowed.

A HOUSE SET ON FIRE BY WATER.—On Sunday the 24th ult., the dwelling house at East Dennis, occupied by Mr David Farnsworth, was set on fire and narrowly escaped destruction, in consequence of a glass globe filled with water, and containing two small fishes, having been hung against a south window. The house had been shut up two or three days, and Mr. F. on approaching, perceived smoke issuing from the chimney. Five minutes elapsed before he got in, as he had to return to his father-in-law's for the key. On entering he found one of the window curtains was burnt, and that a covered easy chair standing by the window was in flames. After extinguishing the fire, he ascertained the cause. The glass globe filled with water, hung where the rays of the sun fell directly upon it, forming a lens of burning glass, and a part of the curtain happening to be in the focus, was set on fire. Repeated experiments were afterwards made with the same globe. When filled with water and exposed to the sun, paper placed within the focus was instantly ignited; but when the water was turned out the same effect was not produced. If Mr. F's house was burnt down, *every body* would have said that it was set on fire by an incendiary.—[Yarmouth Reg.

The correspondent of the Boston Atlas, from the Sandwich Islands, gives an account of the opening of the Legislature, and the reports of the Ministers, among other facts he states the following:

"From the report of the Minister of instruction, I learn that 20,000 copies of the Bible have been printed and circulated, and 50,000 of the New Testament. 80 other works, school, historical, theological and law have been published.

The expense of the royal school, 16 pupils, young chiefs educated in the English tongue is nearly $5000 per annum. The Seminary at Lahainaluna, supported by the American mission at an annual charge of $5000, has received in all 368 pupils. It has been in operation 15 years. A system of common schools, analogous to that of New England, prevails. About 70,000 of the population first and last have learned to read. At present there are 15,393 scholars under Protestant tuition, and 3400 under charge of the Catholics. The annual expense for sustaining schools by goverment is $20,000. The Protestants report 70 churches, and 200 school houses used as churches—the Catholics, 104.

It would appear from the following extract that the acquaintance of the United States has been politely declined by the Emperor of Japan.

The United States ship Columbus, anchored off Honolulu, Sept. 9th, from China via Japan, 43 days from Jeddo, which place Com. Biddle visited, with the design of opening intercourse with the Emperor of Japan, by forwarding him a letter from the Government of the United States. The Polynesian says:

"The communication was forwarded to the Emperor, explaining the objects of the visit—to which he replied that he had heard of the United States, that they were a great and flourishing nation, and he hoped they would continue to be prosperous; but declined any closer relations with them. The only foreign trade that would be obtained was with the Dutch and Chinese. He begged the ship would supply herself with what she wanted speedily, up anchor, be off, and never return. Landing was disallowed; but the ship was supplied with such as the country afforded—wood, water, poultry, eggs and vegetables—for which neither pay nor presents were received in return. Nothing like trade was allowed with the numerous visitors that came on board. The Japanese had heard of the intended visit of the Columbus, but seemed somewhat surprised at her dimensions. She was visited by many of the inhabitants, evidently with the Emperor's permission; but there were no females among them.

Hon. Abbot Lawrence has given $1000 to the Mechanics Association in Lowell, for the purchase of scientific works.

Hon. John Quincy Adams left this city on Monday for Washington, to take his seat in Congress.

A GOOD LONG SERMON.—Rev. Mr. Brownlow, of the Jonesborough (Tenn.) Whig, has been called on, in his clerical capacity, to defend the character of John Wesley, and in his latest received paper, he says:

"Notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather, on last Sabbath, we had a large congregation at the Methodist Church, in this town, to hear our defence of John Wesley and the Methodists, who listened attentively for four hours and ten minutes.

"To the idle tales of those who were not present, touching what we said, we make no reply. They can believe as they choose, and report what they please. Our address was the same, *verbatim et literatim*, that we have delivered at six different points during the past six weeks; and it is the same we propose to deliver, God willing, for the next thirty weeks to come, at different places, with occasional intervals, during the cold weather."

VENTILATION. Good ventilation is nowhere more important, although nowhere more neglected than in our bed-chambers. The bad effect of sleeping in small and close rooms has been often mentioned; to which we may likewise add, that of having thick curtains drawn close round the bed, which confine the air that has been exhaled, surrounding us with an impure atmosphere. Provision should be made for a continual change of air in the apartment during the night, by the escape of the heated and foul air and the introduction of cool and fresh air. The first may be effected by some aperture at the top of the room; perhaps keeping the top sash open for about an inch may be sufficient; of course care must be taken that the fresh air brought in at the top of the room, shall not act as a draught striking upon the bed, but that it enters by small apertures, and diffuses itself as quickly as possible, and likewise that there may be the means of regulating the quantity according to circumstances. If the temperature of the fresh air can be regulated it will be better.

A little apparatus for ventilating a bed chamber in the night, invented by Marquis de Chabannes, though not very effectual for a large room, is perhaps worth mentioning for a small one. It consists of a little box or enclosure of tin or other metal, having an opening in front, in which may be placed a small lamp. The upper part or flue is to be inserted in the wall on the chimney breast and is to go quite into the flue of the chimney. The air which the lamp requires for combustion will thus pass into the flue occasioning fresh air to rush into the room to supply its place. This machine is in fact a little chimney, in which the lamp is the fire. It should be placed near the top of the room.

It is highly deserving of attention, that although we never use fires without flues, yet we very absurdly have long continued to burn lamps of considerable size, which are in fact, so many fires, in the middle of our apartments, even when small, without the least attempt to carry off the burnt air which they are constantly generating. No wonder then, that the air, in such places, is often felt to be oppressive it is, indeed, extremely unwholesome.

OFFICE
OF THE MINISTRY AT LARGE,
NO. 2 SCHOOL STREET,
OVER MESSRS. TICKNOR & CO'S BOOKSTORE.

Open from 9 to 10, A. M., and 12 to 2 P. M., and again at 4.
Order Box in the door.

j16 tf

☞ TEACHERS' SOCIAL UNION. There will be a meeting of the Union at the Vestry of Rev Mr Robbins' Church, on Monday evening next, Feb 15th, at 7 o'clock.

Question: What instruction should be given in our Sabbath Schools? and by what method should it be imparted?

f13 T. GAFFIELD, Sec'y.

☞ SUFFOLK ST. CHAPEL. The Seventh Anniversary of the Sunday School connected with this Chapel will be celebrated with appropriate services tomorrow (Sunday) evening.

Addresses will be made by several gentlemen.
The services to commence at 7 o'clock. f13

☞ The Religious Society lately formed in this city under the direction of Rev Wm H. Channing, will meet hereafter at Washingtonian Hall, in Bromfield st, (a few doors from Washington st.) every Sunday *afternoon*, at the usual hour of public services. j16

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Dr Young, Mr Samuel Carter to Miss Ellen A. Meriam, both of Boston.

In Quincy, 3d inst, by Rev Mr Lunt, Mr Wm F. Whitney to Miss Abigail Briesler, both of Q.

DEATHS.

In this city, 29th ult, Mrs Martha Weld, 67.
7th inst, Abba Ann, wife of Edward F. Weld, and daughter of Samuel Bradlee, 25.
In Quebec, at an advanced age, Miss Ann Coffin, a native of Boston.
In Dorchester, 5th inst, Elizabeth Miller, 75, wife of Darius Holbrook.
In Shirley, 31st ult, Frances Augusta, youngest daughter of Asa W. Holden, 5 yrs.
In Northborough, 7th inst, Mrs Alice Brigham, relict of the late Winslow Brigham, 90.
In Worcester, Jan 29th, suddenly, Col Peter Kendall, 60.
In Cambridge, 9th inst, (of croup,) Willie, only child of Herman and Isabella W. Snow, 9 months.
In Philadelphia, Leonard Kimball, 65, a native of Bradford, Mass, and a graduate of Harvard University in the Class of 1804.
At his residence, Fort Cumberland, N. B., 21st ult, Samuel Gay, Esq, 93, a native of Boston, and a graduate of Harvard University in the Class of 1775.

SUPERIOR FAMILY LINENS.
Benjamin & E. Jacobs & Co.,
NO. 35 TREMONT ROW,
(A few doors North of the Tremont House,)

HAVE this day opened (received by the Tarolinta,) a complete assortment of

7-8, 4-4, & 9-8 SHIRTING LINENS.

These Linens are of their own importation, put up expressly for their trade, and are the old fashioned styles, viz: manufactured from hand spun yarn, grass-bleached, soft dressed, and very stout fabric. Families and others in want of an article that can be depended upon for durability, and free from all admixture of cotton, are respectfully invited to examine the assortment.

Also, a quantity of extra fine, both light and heavy fabric, expressly for collars and bosoms of shirts.

B. & E. J. & CO. always keep on hand an assortment of light fabric Linens, which appear cheap to all customers who prefer them to the heavy styles. All of which will be sold at the very lowest market prices, either at wholesale or retail. ist f13

WRENTHAM ACADEMY. The Spring Term will commence Tuesday, the 9th of March, and continue eleven weeks, followed by a vacation of two weeks.

This Institution is designed to fit young men for College, and to qualify the student for any department in life he may be called to fill. The course of instruction will be thorough and systematic, consequently those not intending to give their entire attention to the school, while members, are advised not to make application for admission.

L. ALLEN KINGSBURY.
SETH DEWING, JR.
4tis f13

SHELLS FROM THE STRAND OF THE SEA OF GENIUS. By Harriet Farley. Published by J MUNROE & Co. pp. 300, price 88 cents.

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POETRY.

[For the Register.]

THE PILGRIM.

BY JONES VERY.

'Twas in the winter at the close of day,
The snow fell deep upon the traveller's path,
I met one journeying on infirm and grey,
Yet seemed he not to heed the tempest's wrath;
And oft a citizen would ask him in
And set him down beside him at his board,
But soon his weary march would he begin,
As if he felt not by the food restored;
I wondering, asked him why he tarried not
To taste the cheer that was so freely given,
And why the sheltering roof he had forgot;
He nothing said, but pointed up to heaven;—
And then I knew the food they gave away,
And home they offered were but for a day.

[From the Charleston Mercury.]

ANGEL VISITS.

BY MARY S. B. DANA.

When a voiceless word
By thee is heard—
Whisper'd so low,
Thou scarce canst know
What the whisper'd word may mean—
When, 'mid the mirth
Of the sons of earth,
An unseen cause
Has made thee pause—
There's an Angel with thee then.

In the moments sweet
When dear ones meet,
And the heart beats high
As the moisten'd eye
Sees long lost friends again—
When from their deep
And silent sleep,
Old Memory brings
Forgotten things—
There are Angels with thee then.

When death comes nigh,
And the parting sigh
Tells thee that thou
Art lonely now,
And thy bosom throbs with pain—
When, with muffled tread,
To view the dead,
To the chamber's gloom
The mourners come—
There are Angels with thee then.

* * * * * *

What ministries
Of Love are these!
How soon might we
Like the Angels be
Whom thus we entertain!—
Did we but know
These things are so!
Could we but see
How cheerfully
God's Angels come to men!

Oh, ever near
Bright Angels are!
Forever thus
They visit us!
Ne'er may they come in vain!
And thus, if Love
Our spirits move,
Earth soon may grow
A Heaven below,
Where Angels DWELL with men.

Orangeburg, Jan. 11th, 1847.

[From Friends' Weekly Intelligencer.]

TO MY GRANDFATHER, ON HIS NINETIETH BIRTH-DAY.

Each hair upon thy head is silver-white;
Thy steps are feeble; and the fine keen edge
Of every sense, is somewhat worn by time.
Thy memory (like the wood, which takes
The impress of the slightest leaf,
And harden'd into stone retains it still,)
Gives back the scenes of childhood and of youth
In all their freshness, yet receives but dim
And faint impression from the passing scene.
Thy calm collected spirit, undisturbed
By all the changes in this bustling world,
Is waiting patiently the final close.
Oh! couldst thou leave with us who are as yet
But midway in the rugged path of life,
And some just entering on its sunny slope,
The lessons of experience thou hast learned;
Or couldst thou clothe us with that gentle grace,
Give us that spirit, trained and disciplined
By constant warfare in the Christian ranks,
It were indeed a legacy, worth more
Than all the gold that worldling e'er bequeathed.
Yet why desire all this? The guiding light
That led thee safely o'er life's dangerous road,
The rod that oft in mercy has chastised
Thy wanderings from the straight and narrow way,
The staff that now upholds thy tottering footsteps
Near the journey's close, are all vouchsafed to us;
To ev'ry one who in humility desires to walk
In the blest footsteps of the spotless Lamb. M.

ADVERTISEMENT OF A DAY LOST.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Lost! lost! lost!
A gem of costless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in Paradise.
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost—where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's mazes wind,
Where trilleth folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind;
Yet to my hand 'twas given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!
I feel all search is vain;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again;
I offer no reward,
For till these heart-strings sever,
I know that Heaven-intrusted gift
Is reft away forever.

But when the sea and land
Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in His hand
Who judgeth quick and dead,
And when of scathe and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there?

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FLOWER-BASKET.

BY CHRISTOPHER VON SCHMID.

"After several years of happy union, Jacob's wife, who was in every respect an excellent woman, was taken from him by death. His grief was indescribable. His years began visibly to tell upon his appearance, and his hair became gray. His only remaining pleasure in the world was his daughter, the sole survivor of his children, who was but five years of age at her mother's death. Like her mother, she was called Mary, and she was in every respect her exact image. Even when a child she was uncommonly pretty; as her years increased, her piety, innocence, modest, and unaffected good nature, gave a peculiar grace to her beauty; and there beamed from her countenance something so indescribably good, that you would fancy it was one of the good angels that was looking at you. Before she had completed her fifteenth year, she was a perfect house-keeper;—not a speck of dust was to be seen in the pleasant little parlor; all the utensils in the kitchen shone as if they were new; the whole house was a pattern of order and neatness. Besides this, she was indefatigable in assisting her father in his labors in the garden; and the hours which she spent in these occupations were amongst the happiest of her life; for her father knew how to make labor a pleasure by his cheerful and instructive conversation.

"Growing up amongst plants and flowers, and knowing no world but their little garden, she had taken, from her very childhood, an extraordinary pleasure in the care of flowers.—Her father used to send every year for seeds, bulbs, and slips of such flowers as she was previously acquainted with, and permitted her to plant them along the borders of the beds; thus constantly supplying her with an agreeable occupation for her leisure hours. For she tended the delicate plants most carefully, and would anxiously watch every strange bud as it appeared, trying to guess what kind of flower it contained. She could scarcely wait until it expanded, and felt indescribable pleasure when the long expected flower presented itself in its full bloom.

"'This is a pure and innocent pleasure,' her father would say, with a smile. 'Many a one expends more florins for gold and silk attire, than I do half-pence for flower seeds; and yet does not procure for his daughter half so much innocent enjoyment thereby.' Indeed, every month, nay, every week, brought new pleasures to Mary. She would often rapturously exclaim, that 'Paradise could scarce be more beautiful than their garden;' and, in truth, few could pass by without stopping to admire the beautiful flowers. The children of the village peeped daily through the railing, and Mary always handed out a few flowers to them.

"Her wise father, however, knew how to turn to a higher object the enjoyment which the flowers afforded his daughter. * * * * * In the fine spring and summer mornings, therefore, he would bring Mary with him into the arbor, where, amid the pleasant song of the birds, they could survey the blooming dew-spangled garden, and the rich and fertile landscape, bathed in the golden rays of the morning sun. Here he would tell her of God, who causes the sun to shine so genially, sends the dew and rain, feeds the birds of the air, and clothes the flowers of the field in their gorgeous apparel. Here he would teach her to know the Almighty as the loving Father of men, who reveals himself to us in his beloved Son, in an infinitely more loving and gracious manner than in the whole creation. Here he taught her to pray, by praying with her himself with all the fervor of his heart. These morning lessons contributed to implant the most childlike piety in her tender heart."

But times changed with Mary and her pious father. They were poor and exiled, and Jacob was sick unto death; but still sustained by strong and lively faith. And now he was dying, and Mary "watched whole nights together by his bed; and even when others offered to take her place, lest she should fall ill herself, and succeeded in persuading her to lie down for a little while on the bench, she was seldom able to close her eyes.—If her father only coughed, she was alarmed; if he but moved, she crept upon tiptoe to see what was the matter. She prepared the most delicate food for him, and served him with most loving tenderness. She smoothed his pillow, read for him, and prayed without intermission by his side. Times without number she stood by his bedside, when he was slumbering, wringing her hands and lifting up her streaming eyes to heaven. 'O my God!' would she sob, 'give him to me this once, if it be but for a few short years.'

"She had saved a little money by the labor of her hands, having often remained up half the night knitting, or employed at her needle;—and she now spent her last farthing in procuring him everything that could afford him any little nourishment.

"The pious old man, who, though he recovered a little, yet felt too well that this would be his last illness, was very calm and composed.—He spoke with the greatest cheerfulness of his death. Mary burst into tears and said, 'O, do not speak of it, dearest father; I dare not even think of it. What would then become of me! Ah, your poor Mary would then have no one left on earth!'

"'Weep not, dear child,' replied her father, affectionately reaching her his hand from the bed. 'You have a kind Father in heaven. He will still remain to you, though your earthly father should be taken away. But your support and your success in this world are my smallest care. The birds find their food, and why should not you? God gives it to the sparrow on the house-top—how should He not give it to you also!—Ah, it is a very different anxiety that troubles me. Remember, my only care is lest you should not always continue as pious, virtuous, and innocent as, thanks to God, you now are.

"'Alas, my dear daughter, you do not yet know how wicked and corrupt is the world, and what wicked people there are in it. * * * * My eyes will soon be closed forever, and I shall no longer be able to watch. But reflect that your Heavenly Father sees you everywhere, and that, at every moment, your heart is open to His sight. You would shrink from giving pain, by improper conduct, to your father on earth—and will you not shrink with infinitely more horror from displeasing your loving Father in heaven?'

"He turned earnestly towards her.

"'Look me once more in the face, Mary,' said he. 'Oh, should you ever be tempted to evil, think of this pale face, of these tears which flow down my blanched cheeks. Come, let me take your hand in this cold and shrivelled hand of mine, which will soon moulder in the dust. Promise me, that you will never forget my words, and that, in the hour of temptation, it shall be to you as if this cold hand held you back from the abyss!'

"She burst into tears.

"'* * * * * Be ever pious, dear Mary; delight in thinking of God; walk ever in His presence; bear Him ever in your heart. In Him I have found my sweetest joys; and, in all my sufferings, my best, my only consolation. Believe me, Mary, I speak the truth. If it were otherwise, I would say so. I have seen my share of the world, when I was with the Count on his travels. Wherever there was anything great or splendid to be seen in great cities, I always accompanied him. I have spent whole weeks in the midst of gayety. For the brilliant feasts, the gay masquerades, the exquisite music, the merry speeches and jests, I saw and heard as well as my young master himself; and of the choice dainties and costly wines, there was always more left for me than I could consume.—But these noisy enjoyments always left my heart empty: and I can solemnly aver that one hour of quiet devotion in an arbor at Eichburg, or here under this straw roof, nay, even on this my dying bed, always occasioned me more heartfelt pleasure than all those vain delights. Do you, therefore, ever seek your joy in God, and you will find it in most abundant measure.'

"'You know well, my dear child, that I have not been without sufferings in my time. * * *

"'Our good and faithful God will continue to turn your sufferings to your good.—Yes; I am confident that my prayers have been heard, and that, although I may not live to see it, he will yet bring your innocence to light, although this is not necessary for my peace, since I already know that you are innocent.'"

Jacob's pious dying exhortations were again and again interrupted by bursts of tears.

"'You burst into tears afresh, dear child,' he resumed, 'the moment I speak of death. But weep not!—look not on death as so terrible—it is rather consoling. * * * *'

"The change I make is for the better. Weep not then, dear Mary! O, how I rejoice in the near prospect of going to my God! How happy shall we feel when we shall have laid aside this body which causes us so much suffering! You remember how indescribably happy we used to be in our blooming garden in the beautiful spring mornings. Ah, heaven is that beauteous garden of paradise, where an endless spring shall ever reign! 'Tis to that fair land I am now going. Be you ever pious and virtuous, that we may there meet again! Here we have shared in many sufferings and trials, and we part in tears, but there we shall dwell together in joy and felicity, never to separate more! There, too, I shall see your mother once again. O, how I rejoice at the thought! Oh, persevere then in virtue, Mary, and in the fear of God. Should you prosper in this world, forget not, in the enjoyment of fleeting pleasures, the eternal happiness which awaits us in heaven. Then will your mother and I come to meet you joyfully, and receive you into our arms. Weep not, therefore, my darling child, but rather rejoice, even now!"

"With discourses such as these, the pious old man spent the last days of his life in comforting his daughter, whom he was about to leave alone in the world, and admonishing her to guard herself from the corruptions of the world. * * * * *

"As soon as Jacob's illness had become serious, Mary went to Erlenbrunn, to which parish Pine-Farm belonged, and informed the parish priest that her father was ill. The priest, a kind-hearted, worthy man, frequently visited him, gave him many edifying instructions, and consoled Mary with great tenderness. One evening when he came to see him, he found the good old man evidently weaker; and Jacob told his daughter to leave him a little while, as he wished to speak with the parish priest. When she was called in again, her father said, 'Dear Mary, I have now made my confession, and intend to receive the Bread of Life to-morrow morning from the hand of our dear parish priest.'

"Mary was alarmed, and the tears came into her eyes, when the thought of his approaching death was thus brought home to her; but she immediately recollected herself. 'You are in the right, dear father,' said she, 'what can we do better than fly to God for refuge in our troubles and distresses?'

"Jacob spent the rest of the day and the evening in silent prayer, constantly recollected, and speaking little; and the fervor with which he united himself the following morning with his Divine redeemer in the holy communion was beyond description. Faith and love, and the hope of eternal life, had as if illumined his venerable countenance; and the hot tears poured down his cheeks. Mary knelt at the foot of his bed, trembling, praying, and almost dissolved in tears. * * * *

"The pious old man loved to hear Mary often read to him;—she read in a low tone, and with much devotion. In the last days of his illness, there was nothing he listened to with so much pleasure as the last words of Jesus and his last prayer. One night, she was watching by his bedside alone. The moon shone so brightly into the little room through the window, that the glimmer of the little night-lamp was scarcely observable.

"'Mary,' said her father, 'read for me that beautiful prayer of Jesus once more.' She lighted a taper and read it.

"'Now give me the book,' said he, 'and hold the light for a moment.' She handed him the book and held the taper towards him. 'See,' said he, 'this shall be my last prayer for you.' He pointed to the passage, and prayed with a broken voice, accommodating the words to himself and his daughter.

"'Father, I am not in the world, but she is in the world for a time. I come, (as I trust,) to thee. Father, Most Holy! keep her in thy name from perdition. While I was with her in the world, I sought to keep her in thy name; but now I come to thee. I pray not that thou shouldst take her out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep her from evil. Sanctify her in truth; Thy word is truth. Father, grant that she whom thou hast given me, may at length reach that home where I hope now to come!—Amen.'

"Mary stood by the bed, weeping and holding the candle with a trembling hand; and sobbingly repeated 'Amen.'

"'Yes, dear daughter,' continued her father, 'we shall there see Jesus in his glory, the glory which God gave him before the foundation of the world; there, too, we shall meet again.'

"He laid himself down again on his pillow to rest a little. He held the book in his hand. It was the New Testament. The poor man had bought it with his first spare pence after his expulsion from Eichburg, and had stinted himself in food to procure it.

"'Dear Mary,' said he, after a pause, 'I thank you once more for the affection you have shown me in this my last illness. You have truly and cheerfully fulfilled the fourth commandment; and mark my words, you will yet be rewarded for it, poor and helpless as I am obliged to leave you in this world. I can give you nothing but my blessing and this book. Persevere in virtue, and this blessing will not prove unavailing. The blessing of a father who trusts in God, is to good children more than the richest inheritance. Take this book as a remembrance of your old father. It cost, indeed, but a few half-pence; but if you read and follow it faithfully, I leave you in it, for the few pence I have spent upon it, an endless treasure;—though I could bequeath you more gold pieces than the spring produces flowers and leaves—you could not, for all that money, purchase anything better. For the word of God is contained in it, and it possesses the power to save all those who believe in it. Read every morning—you will always be able, however closely occupied, to find time—at least one text, and persevere and consider it in your heart, during the day. If anything in it seems hard to be understood, ask your director to explain it for you, as I have always done. *The most important truths are clear to all.* Cleave to it—follow it—it will not be without a blessing for you. The single passage, "Consider the lilies," has taught me more wisdom than all the various books I read in my youth.'" [Tait's Magazine.

SAD CHANGES OF FORTUNE.

"Do you give out work here?" said a voice, so soft, so low, so ladylike, that I involuntarily started and looked up.

"Do you give out work here?"

"Not to strangers," was the rude reply. The stranger turned and walked away.

I left the shop and followed the strange lady.

Passing Thompson's, she paused—went in—hesitated—then turned and came out. I now saw her face—it was very pale—her hair, black as night, was parted on her forehead—her eyes, too, were very black, and there was a wildness in them that made me shudder. She passed on up Broadway to Grand street, where she entered a miserable looking dwelling. I paused—should I follow further? She was evidently suffering much—I was happy—blessed with wealth, and, O, how blessed in husband, children, friends! I knocked—the door was opened by a cross-looking woman.

"Is there a person living here who does plain sewing?" I inquired.

"I guess not," was the reply. "There is a woman up-stairs, who used to work, but she can't get no more to do—and I shall turn her out to-morrow."

"Let me go up," said I, as passing the woman with a shudder, I ascended the stairs.

"You can keep on up to the garret," she screamed after me; and so I did; and there I saw a sight of which I, the child of affluence, had never dreamed! The lady had thrown off her hat, and was kneeling by the side of a poor low bed. Her hair had fallen over her shoulders—she sobbed not, breathed not—but seemed motionless, her face buried in the covering of the wretched, miserable bed, whereon lay her husband. He was sleeping. I looked upon his high, pale forehead, around which clung masses of damp, brown hair—it was knit, and the pale hand clenched the bedclothes—words broke from his lips—"I cannot pay you now," I heard him say. Poor fellow! even in his dreams, his poverty haunted him! I could bear it no longer, and knocked gently on the door. The lady raised her head, threw back her long black hair, and gazed wildly upon me. It was no time for ceremony—sickness, sorrow, want, perhaps starvation were before me.—"I came to look for a person to do plain work," was all I could say.

"Oh, give it to me," she sobbed. "Two days we have not tasted food!—and to-morrow ——" She gasped, and tried to finish the sentence, but could not. She knew that to-morrow they would be both homeless and starving!

"Be comforted—you shall want no more!"

I kept my word. In a few days she told me all—of days of happiness in a sunny West India isle, her childhood's home. Of the death of her father and mother—of a cruel sister and brother-in-law—how she left that home hoping to find a brother in America—how she sought in vain, but found, instead, a husband; he, too, an Englishman, a gentleman, and scholar, had been thrown upon the world. Sympathy deepened into love—alone in a crowd, all the world to each other, they married—he procured employment in a school, she plain needlework. Too close attention to the duties of his school, long walks and scanty fare, brought ill health and confined him at length to his bed.

The shop from which his poor wife obtained work failed, and their resource was cut off. She had looked long, weary days for employment—many had none to give—others "gave no work to strangers." Thus I found them—to comfort them for a little time—then, I trust, they found indeed a comforter in heaven!

The husband died first—died, placing the hand of his poor wife in mine! I needed not the mute, appealing look he gave me; I took her to my own happy home—it was too late!

It is a very little time ago, I went one morning to her room; she had passed a restless night; had dreamed, she said, of her dear George—she called me her kind and only friend—begged me to sit a little while beside her, and looked up so sadly in my face, that my own heart seemed well nigh breaking. I left her not again.

In the still deep night I heard her murmur—"Sister Anne, do not speak so harshly to me! Oh, mam—ma, why do you leave me?" Then again she said, "Give me an orange, my sister, I am very faint." Her soul was again in her own sunny home.

"Lay me by my George, and God will bless you," were her last words to me. I led my hushed children to look upon her sweet pale face, as she lay in her coffin. They had never seen sorrow or death, and then I gave them the first knowledge of both; then I told them of the sin, the cruelty of those who wound the "stranger's" heart.

REMARKS.

The above tale of woe is no fiction. We publish it in hope that some may be induced thereby, to take pains to ascertain the condition of the suffering poor, and minister to their necessities at this inclement season of the year. We invite the attention of a benevolent public, particularly to a class of sufferers which, we fear, may have been too much overlooked—we refer to those unfortunate men who have, by the influence of unforeseen and disastrous circumstances, suddenly fallen from affluence and independence, to poverty and want. The last ten years will long be remembered in the history of this country, as an epoch of most painful reverses of fortune. Thousands of our prosperous merchants, and men of large fortunes, have been suddenly reduced to a state of bankruptcy and humiliating dependence. In the years 1835 and '36, when millions were staked for gain, what numbers became wretchedly poor! History does not furnish us with such an instance of commercial revulsion as happened in two short years, and which like a desolating tempest or a blasting sirocco, swept over our happy country. The ruin wrought, will not be repaired in the life of our children's children. In many instances men of indomitable perseverance and prudence have recovered themselves, and arisen to a state of competency and comfort, while thousands destitute of the same enterprising spirit, have descended into the vale of want and misery. Where are these men? They are not found among the class of street beggars; they will famish and freeze, pine and die, ere they will beg at our doors. You may find them in the damp cellar, or wretched garret, or in some remote or obscure place in the back-woods. They prefer to hide themselves from the view of all, rather than endure the mortification of public exposure, even though they should perish for want!

Nor will any class of our native born citizens, beg their bread, like foreign paupers. Unless then special pains are taken to discover the retreats of those who suffer in secret and in silence, thousands who are pining in poverty, will be passed over, and their cry will enter alone into the ear of the Almighty. They will not call at our dwellings, nor apply for the public bounty; they must be diligently sought out, and no time should be lost, if we would check the tide of human wretchedness which threatens to ingulph body and soul. We must not depend upon the rich and prosperous to do this work; they will not descend to the vale of poverty in search of the objects of heaven-born charity. It might be expected that they would sympathise with those who once rode with them on the high places of the earth; would extend relief to those who have fallen from their high estate. They might be involved in perplexity and trouble, from which they might not be able to extricate themselves. We know there are honorable exceptions to these remarks. Riches tend to harden the heart, and prosperity makes man proud. The work of mercy must be done by the merciful—those who have a heart to feel and do. Men in moderate circumstances, whose hearts overflow with gratitude to God for unmerited favors, are the persons who are the most disposed to enter on this self-denying work. Those who have no bowels of compassion for the suffering poor, by whatever means they have been reduced to poverty, may not expect to have mercy shown them in the last day!

Reader, while seated around the cheerful fireside, enjoying the bounties of a kind providence, think of those who sit in darkness, hovering around a few decaying embers, and experiencing the bitter pangs of hunger. When the storm beats violently without, listen to the voice of wailing that mingles in every blast: think how many are suffering, all around you, and by all that is constraining in a Savior's love, withhold not that consolation which it is in your power to confer upon the sons and daughters of affliction. Think what light and joy you may shed in the darkest home, by acts of kindness and mercy; and do what your hands find to do quickly.—ED. [Family Journal.

CYCLOPEDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, NO. 2. The present number contains 24 beautiful wood cuts and furnishes specimens of the writings and lives of upwards of fifty authors. Among which are Spencer, Southwell, Daniels, Fairfax, Wotton, Shakespeare, Donne, Ben Johnson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Brown, Quarles, Herbert, Cartwright, Lovelace, Randolph, Scott, Maitland, Montgomery, James VI, Earl of Sterling, Drummond, Buchan, Johnston, Marlow, etc.

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